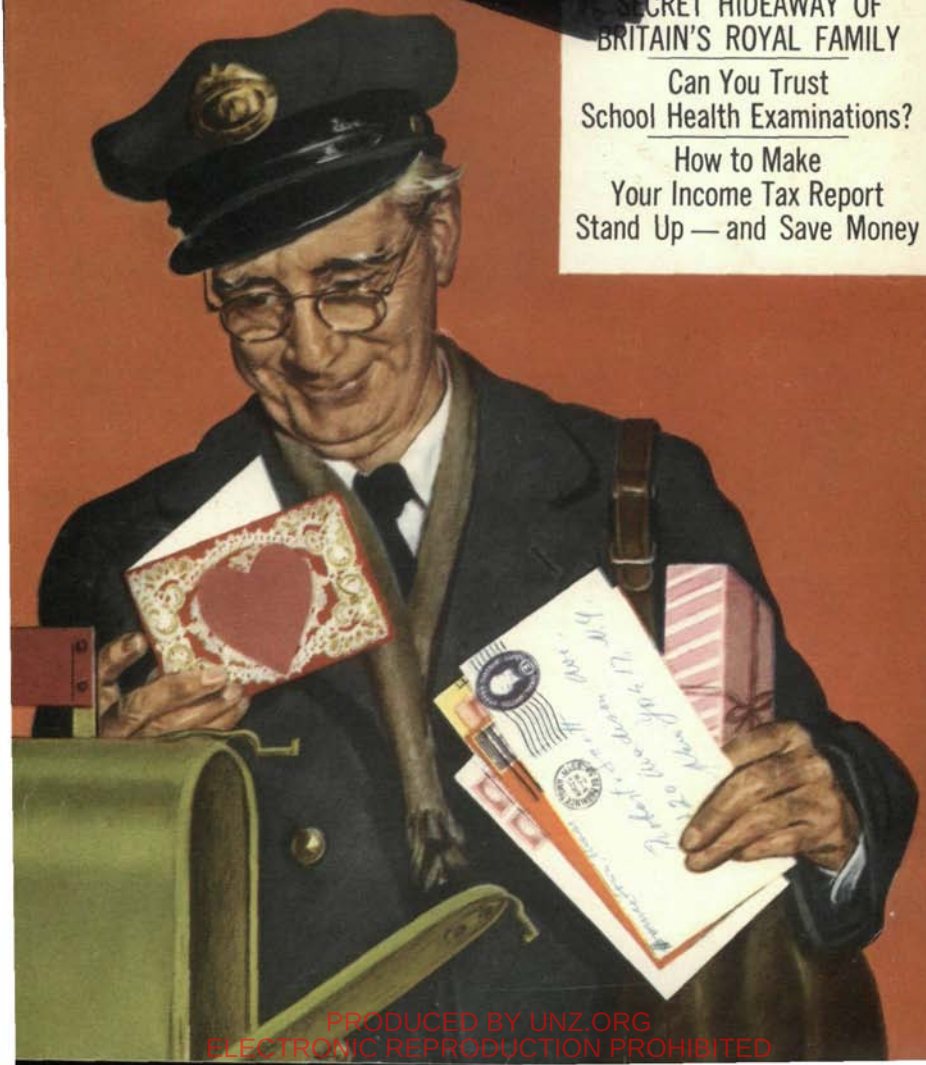
FEBRUARY 25c

Coronet

SECRET HIDEAWAY OF BRITAIN'S ROYAL FAMILY

Can You Trust School Health Examinations?

How to Make Your Income Tax Report Stand Up — and Save Money



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❹ The Case of The Glamorous Ghost. Perry's client can't remember what happened the night her husband was murdered. She can't even recognize her own .38—the *murder weapon*. Only two people can clear her. One is missing—the other is a *corpse!*

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—Continued on next page

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—Continued from opposite page

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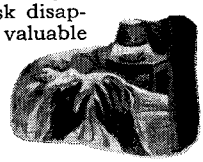

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Dear Reader:

There's no doubt of it: St. Valentine's Day sets its special stamp on this season of the year. The world seems full of kind and gentle people and every leaf of memory is tipped in golden sunlight—it's a time of gilt cupids and candy hearts and sassy inscriptions. In his delightful cover painting this month, artist Marland Stone has caught not only this feeling but also February's wintry, red-cheeked flavor.

Through the years a host of our readers have been loyal Coronet cover collectors. Some request them for calendars, others for gifts, still others for Christmas cards. Even for us it's difficult to explain what makes a Coronet cover. We come close when we talk about an indefinable warmth, a universality which, we like to believe, is the spirit of Coronet.

For example, let's look at three very popular covers of the past. The tow-headed little girl who waded, barefoot and entranced, in a rippling brook (September, 1955) endeared herself to thousands of readers. Actually, the original is an oil painting done by artist Robert Childress of his little daughter, whom he took picnicking one day—done for the family parlor and not intended as a cover. Charles Hawes' charming painting of a pouter-proud family of girls with their newborn baby brother and blissful father (March, 1954) brought a deluge of letters. We never knew there were so many families in which baby boys were at a premium. And Tana Hoban's sensitive and glowing photograph of two children at prayer (December, 1952) became a collector's item almost immediately.

We suspect that Mr. Stone's country postman, chuckling over an unexpected valentine of his own, will swiftly take his place in the Coronet gallery, too.

The Editors

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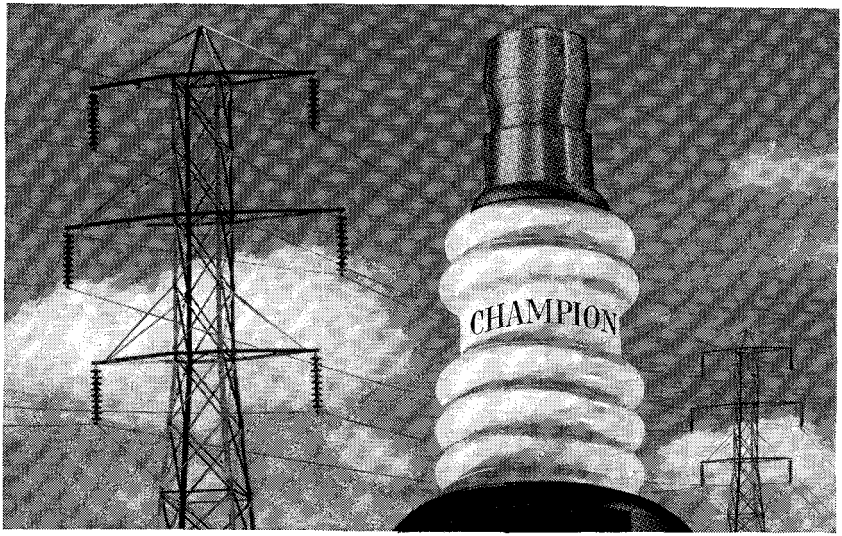
Champion Spark Plugs are ribbed like power line insulators to give you faster starting!



You can see at a glance one of the big differences between Champion Spark Plugs and all others.

It's the exclusive 5-rib construction which protects you against power losses in your engine.

Like the multi-ribbed insulators you see every day on high-tension power lines, these 5 ribs increase the insulator length by as much as 20% over straight line insulators.

This construction permits higher voltages to be put through the spark plug to the firing end—where it belongs—before "flashover" occurs. "Flashover" simply means an external shorting of the plug which causes hard starting, misfiring, wasted gasoline and crankcase dilution, to say nothing of excessive drain on your battery.

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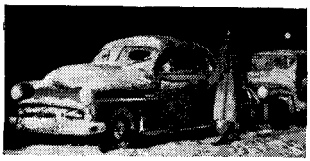

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Painting by . . . . . MARLAND STONE

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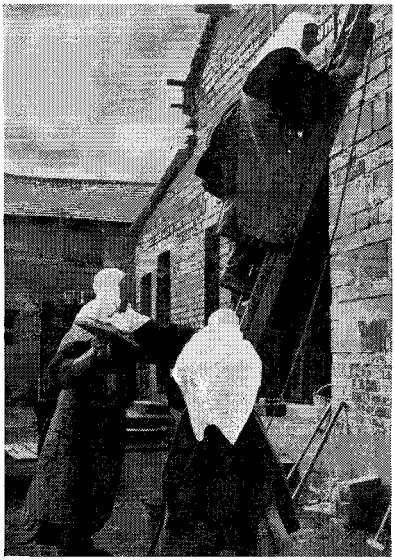
Working Nuns

With faith and cement, they build their own chapel

AMIDST the bleak, craggy hills of Wales, 18 elderly Carmelite nuns have, with Papal blessing, set aside their holy vows of seclusion to rejoin the temporal world and build a much-needed chapel adjoining their lonely Convent.

As the rough walls slowly rise, a nun aided by two Sisters climbs a shaky ladder to add a last tile to the roof. Chapel plans were donated by an architect; local craftsmen lend advice.

Clad in sackcloth, coveralls, wearing clogs, the Nuns of Radnorshire Convent dig foundations, and mix their own cement. The Sisters are even carving the chapel decorations.



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Softly through the cloistered halls, the Sisters glide, candles in hand, to pray their building chores will soon be ended and they may again turn from the world, back to their vows of seclusion and religious contemplation.

The whirr of spinning wheels contrast with the clang of hammers as the Sisters weave their coarse cloth habits from the wool of the Convent's flock. In addition to their prayers, the Nuns' tasks include making communion wafers for use in Britain's Catholic churches, tending their livestock and gardens, and doing the innumerable labours necessary to maintain an ancient self-supporting institution.

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Down Allen's Alley

Steve Makes Hit as Benny Goodman

LOOKING AT Steve Allen is a lot like turning a kaleidoscope: a different view emerges every time. There is, for example, Allen, the unpredictable star of NBC's late show, *Tonight;* nearly three million people postpone pillow-pushing to see what this master of "ad-glib" will pull next. Author Allen has written fairy tales in bop lingo, short stories (*Fourteen for Tonight*) and TV scripts (he's now supervising a projected series, *The Psychiatrist,* an outgrowth of his analysis). Coming up: a novel, a book on amateur song writing, an analysis of comedy and a volume of poetry. On a bet, Composer Allen once sat in a music store window for a week and wrote 50 songs a day. Recording Artist Allen, in a new album, "Steve Sings," displays another talent facet. Juggling a dozen projects "springs from an inability to stop doing," Steve explains simply.

This restlessness has carried him into still another field: movies. He turns up this month in *The Benny Goodman Story* (Universal-International), playing the shy clarinetist. This package of nostalgia, exciting music and sentimental story follows *The Glenn Miller Story* as foot-tapping entertainment. It required only a different hair part, darkening his eyebrows and lighter-rimmed glasses to change Actor Allen into Goodman's look-alike, and, as in his other endeavors, his performance is impressive. Allen had a fine time helping top musicians like Goodman, Lionel Hampton and Gene Krupa recreate favorite tunes —*Don't Be That Way, Let's Dance, Stompin' at the Savoy*. His sound musical background—he plays piano, tuba and trumpet—enabled Steve to duplicate Benny's fingering after six weeks' study. Under option for two more pictures at Universal-International, Allen hopes eventually to direct one ("I made a lot of notes while doing this one").

Born to vaudevillian parents the day after Christmas 1921, Steve requires nine hours' sleep to meet his rugged daily schedule. He hopes to transfer his TV show from New York to California in the spring, to be near his three young sons (by his first marriage). Now married to TV actress-panelist Jayne Meadows, this quiet, serious man seems to get a hypo from audiences: "I'm most relaxed when I'm on the air."

(Continued on page 12)

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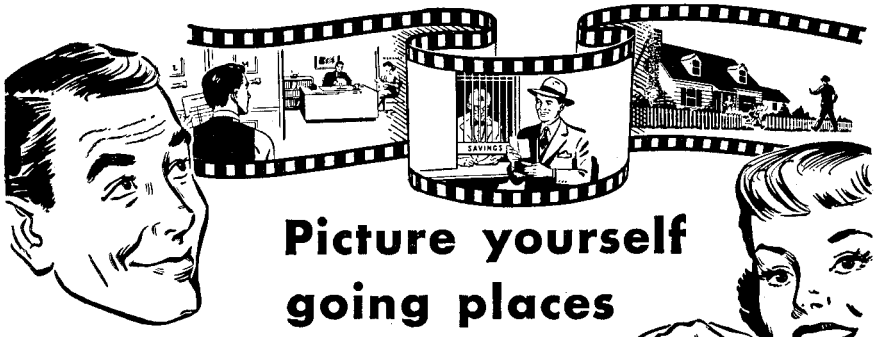

Picture yourself going places

You've done it often. Call it day-dreaming if you like, but you've seen yourself in a bigger job — giving orders and making decisions — driving off in a smart new car — buying your family a fine home.

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- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Telephony

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two best-sellers become probing movie dramas

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM (*United Artists*), from the novel by Nelson Algren, Chicago's "slum poet," packs a hard wallop. It follows a magic-fingered card dealer, released after a drug cure, as he returns to his old haunts—a shadow world of back-alleys and cheap rooming houses—to build a new life. Gradually he finds himself sucked into addiction again. The camera, in close, focuses on his torment as he fights to break the heroin habit. Frank Sinatra, in his most dramatic part to date, aims clenched fists at the solar plexus and scores, well-seconded by Eleanor Parker and Kim Novak.

I'LL CRY TOMORROW (*MGM*) sticks cruelly close to Lillian Roth's story. Nudged to stardom by an overzealous, overprotective mother, Lillian turned to alcohol to combat her insecurities—and met 16 years of nightmare. Susan Hayward, surpassing her past performances, finds all the heartache corners in the role and bids for Academy Award honors. She even does her own singing in four musical numbers. Under Daniel Mann's sensitive direction the cast—Jo Van Fleet, Eddie Albert, Richard Conte, Don Taylor—matches her effort. —MARK NICHOLS

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We're Looking For People Who Like To Draw!

by Norman Rockwell

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ARTIST

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do —America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many persons miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

A salesgirl in West Virginia who liked to draw got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston. A married man with three children—unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

NORMAN ROCKWELL
JON WHITCOMB
AL PARKER
STEVAN DOHANOS
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK
FRED LUDEKENS
BEN STAHL
ROBERT FAWCETT
AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN
ALBERT DORNE

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 8-page talent test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation on your part. But act at once. Simply mail the coupon provided below.

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 91-B, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____ Age____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

City, Zone, State_____

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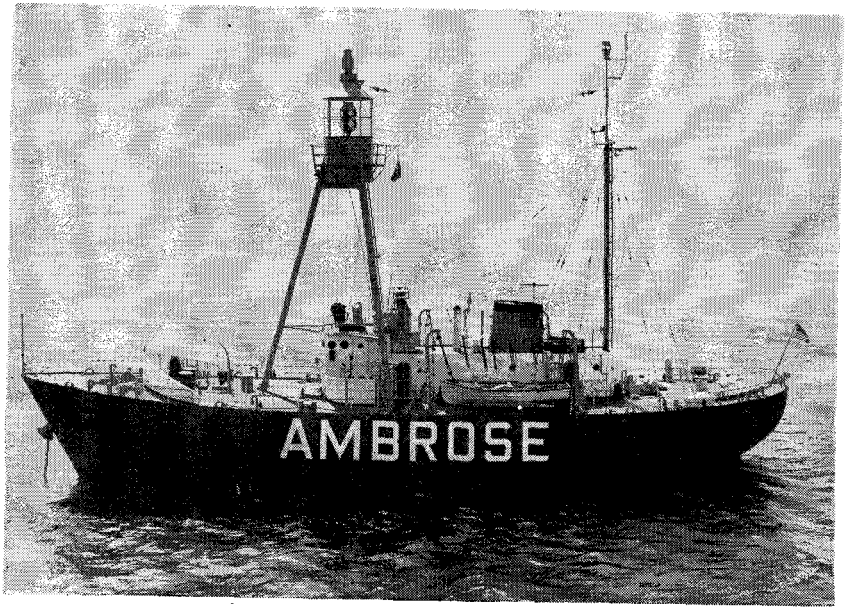
FLOATING LIGHTHOUSE

Anchored off N. Y. harbour is a lightship as familiar to mariners as the Statue of Liberty is to immigrants



TO ANY transatlantic mariner worth his papers, three brilliant flashes of light every eight seconds poking through the ocean darkness means "Ambrose," a 128-foot lightship permanently anchored 22 miles off New York harbour. Each evening as dusk envelopes day, fair weather and storm, the familiar "three every eight" signal begins its winking vigil. Guarding the busy sea approaches to New York, the Ambrose lightship is practically a legend; in fact, one of the most famous contemporary sea legends of its type.

Operated by the U. S. Coast Guard, the Ambrose light throws a 5½ million candlepower peak intensity beam 14 miles to sea. The ship rides fixed at her station (40°-27.1′ N by 73°-49.4′ W) weighing anchor only in the face of heavy seas and storm which might swing the faithful vessel off her post. Ambrose is crewed by 16 men and a skipper who, though they rarely hoist anchor, do everything aboard their ship that would be required to carry them around the world. Theirs is a hard life, and a lonely one—a devoted duty.

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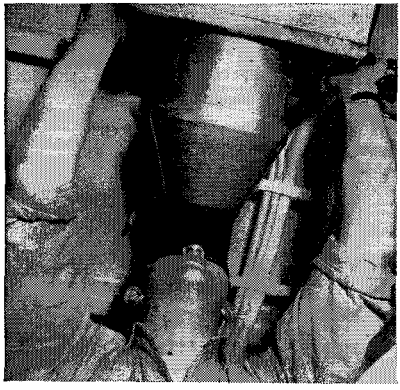
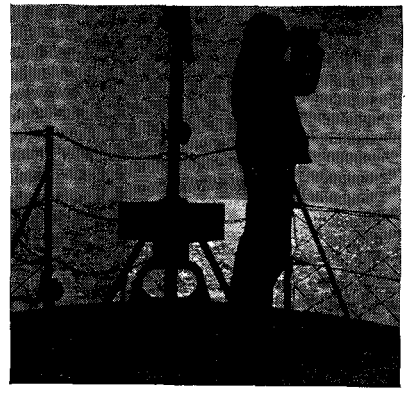


A beacon by day, lightship by night and sound signal in time of fog, Ambrose is a sentinel of the sea. Radar observations are frequently made in order to check and maintain the vessel's fixed position and thus avoid drift.



Silhouetted against the moonlight on the stern deck of Ambrose, a lone Coast Guardsman stands watch scanning the open sea. Watch calls for 4 hours on, 8 off, 3 weeks per month followed by one week shore leave.

In the Ambrose wheelhouse, the acting quartermaster makes routine weather and situation report to Coast Guard district headquarters in New York City. A lightship has been located at Ambrose's point since 1823.

The monotony of incessant watches and the long vigil at sea is broken in off-duty hours by hobbies, watching TV, and just plain "bunk fatigue." Men are carefully screened for lightship duty. Volunteers are preferred.

(Continued on page 16)

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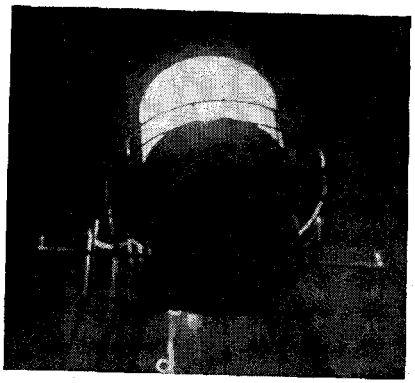
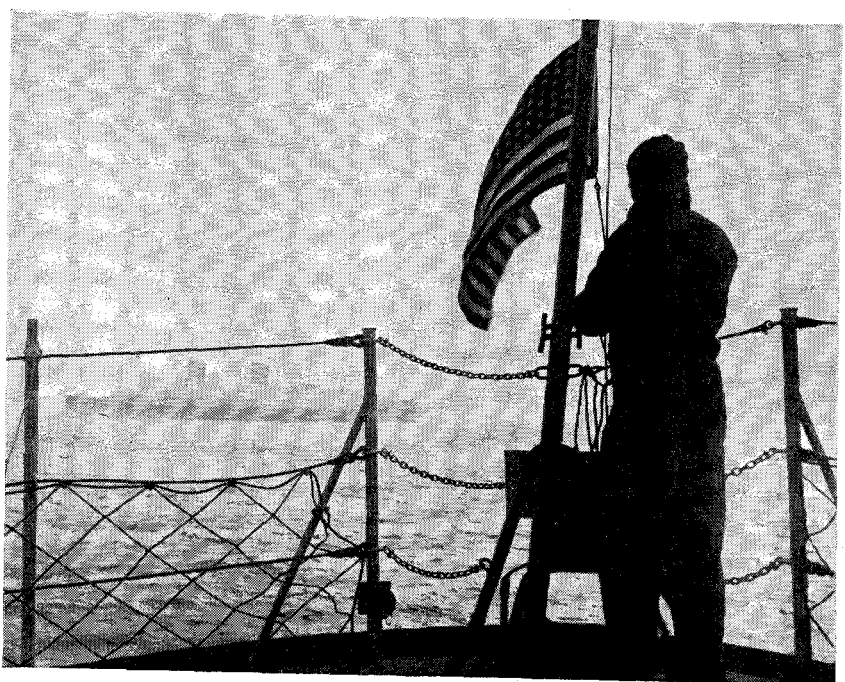
FLOATING LIGHTHOUSE *Continued*

Ambrose light—already a tradition and a legend

Keeping the Ambrose light shiny-clean is one of the duties of the crews.



Hail or farewell, Ambrose light signals America to transatlantic sailors.



As ships pass on the horizon, Ambrose traditionally dips her colours in salute.

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Want the fun of playing...but no time for lessons?

You can play this Hammond Chord Organ in half an hour!

Nobody ever believes it at first. But the plain truth is, thousands have sat down and played the Hammond Chord Organ *without* knowing music . . . in *half an hour.*

1. One finger of your right hand plays the melody. If you can't read notes, you use Hammond's easy Picture Music.

2. One finger of your left hand touches a button to add a rich, full chord. And there you are . . . playing your first thrilling tune! In a few weeks, you'll be teaching yourself to play hundreds of pieces, from song hits to classics.

And now, percussions have been added to the Hammond Chord Organ. You can play tones like banjo, guitar, piano, harp, marimba and hundreds of others never heard before in organs of any size.

If you still can't believe it, do this. Come in and spend a half hour with the Hammond Chord Organ. It may open up a lifetime of music pleasure for you and your family.

Low as $97.50 down at most dealers. Walnut, Blond or Ebony finish.

The Hammond Chord Organ

by the makers of Hammond Organs

Hammond Organ Company
4203 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois
Without obligation, send complete information on the Hammond Chord Organ.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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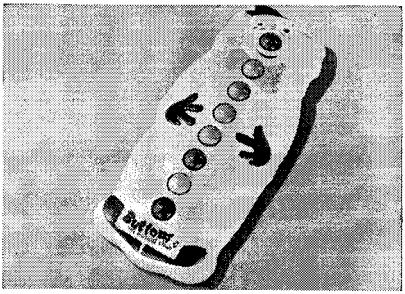
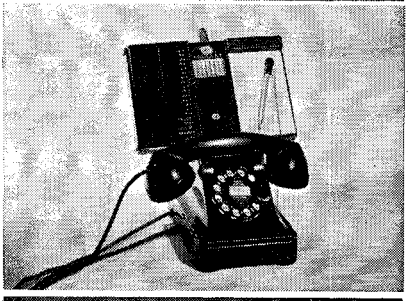
NEW PRODUCTS

Products on Parade

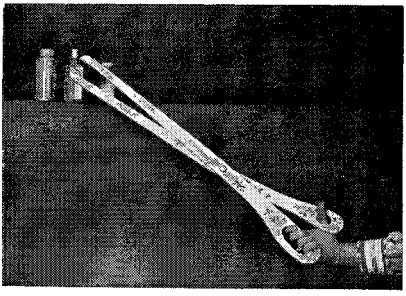


BUTTONS, the musical clown, conceals a xylophone beneath his white plastic suit. Children can play a tune on his multi-colored buttons and bright red nose. Sheet music of nursery rhymes has matching colored notes. Can be hung on wall. $3.20 pp. The Added Touch, Dept. C, Wynnewood, Penna.

A MOCCASIN for tall gals. Gaucho is styled for women with the hard to fit foot. In oyster grey elkskin with a flat wedge heel, neolite sole. Low cut sides and elkskin bow recommend this as a shoe for casual living. Sizes 6-12, AAAAA-C. $11.45 pp. Shoecraft, 603 T Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 17, N.Y.



THIS 6 IN 1 secretary is a convenient aid to frequent telephone users. Counter keeps number of calls made. Automatic index, calendars, memo pad and pencil with dialer. Attaches to phone base. Ivory, ebony, walnut. $3.98 pp. Jerry Eisenberg, Dept. C-1, 104-15 116th St., Richmond Hill 19, N.Y.



STOP stretching for items in out-of-the-way places. Pick-Ups help recover packages from high shelves. Chair or bedridden invalids can retrieve out-of-reach books and magazines. Flower design on light wood. 30". Felt tips give firm grip. $4.25 pp. Lewis & Conger, 45 St. & 6th Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y.

(Continued on page 20)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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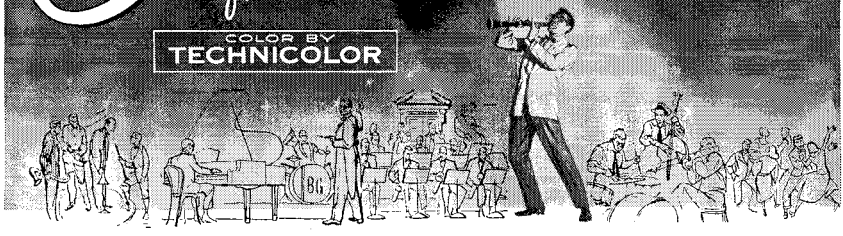
The story of
A FABULOUS GUY..A WONDERFUL GIRL..
and the exciting music they made together!

the Benny Goodman Story

from the makers of "The Glenn Miller Story"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



A Universal-International Picture starring

STEVE ALLEN

DONNA REED

All the Great Goodman HITS including:
"SING, SING, SING""STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY""BUGLE CALL RAG""ONE O'CLOCK JUMP"

WITH GENE KRUPA · LIONEL HAMPTON · BEN POLLACK TEDDY WILSON · EDWARD "KID" ORY
and Guest Stars HARRY JAMES · MARTHA TILTON · ZIGGY ELMAN *and the Clarinet of Benny Goodman!*
Written and Directed by VALENTINE DAVIES · Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Universal International

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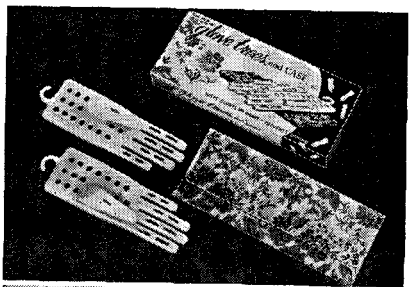
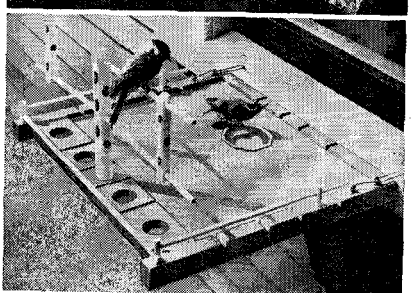
NEW PRODUCTS

Products on Parade

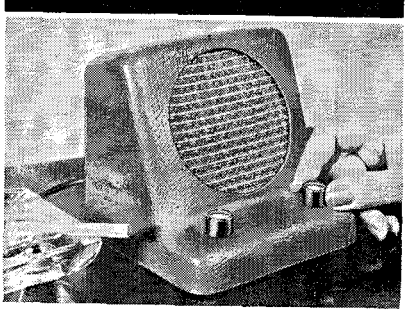


LAUNDER, RINSE AND DRY gloves in one operation on these time saving plastic hands. Perforations allow wash water to flow through fabric, promote faster drying. Gloves retain natural shape. Suitable for adult sizes. Packed in own case. $2.00 pp. Four Sisters, 31C Chesley Rd., White Plains, N.Y.



WATCH the birds dine at close range on this flight deck food tray. Has four wells for seed, perforated stick to hold meat or suet, drinking cup and perch rail. Attaches to window sill. Pine in green with white trim. 17″ x 15½″. $4.95 pp. Max Schling Seedsmen, Dept. 619, 538 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22.

DECORATE a table with imported swan and flower candles. Each rests on own silverplated tray which can be re-used. White swan, pink rose, yellow and green flower. 2-3″. $2.75 pp. ea. Candle refills. $1.25 pp. House of European Specialties, Dept. CM 234, 29 W. 57th St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.



ADD an extra speaker to the family radio, TV or phonograph. Holiday Extra Voice provides arm chair viewers with sound at their elbow. Saves shifting kitchen radio to breakfast nook. Brings music to porch. Ivory or walnut plastic. $9.95 pp. Park East Radio, 1070 Madison Ave., N.Y. 28, N.Y.

(Continued on page 24)

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WOLLEY SEGAP

NO, NO, MORTIMER! You've spelled it backwards. Not WOLLEY SEGAP... It's **'YELLOW PAGES'.** You know... when you're looking for something... you find it fast in the 'YELLOW PAGES' of your Telephone Book.

Find It Fast In The 'Yellow Pages'

Ads with this symbol make your shopping easier

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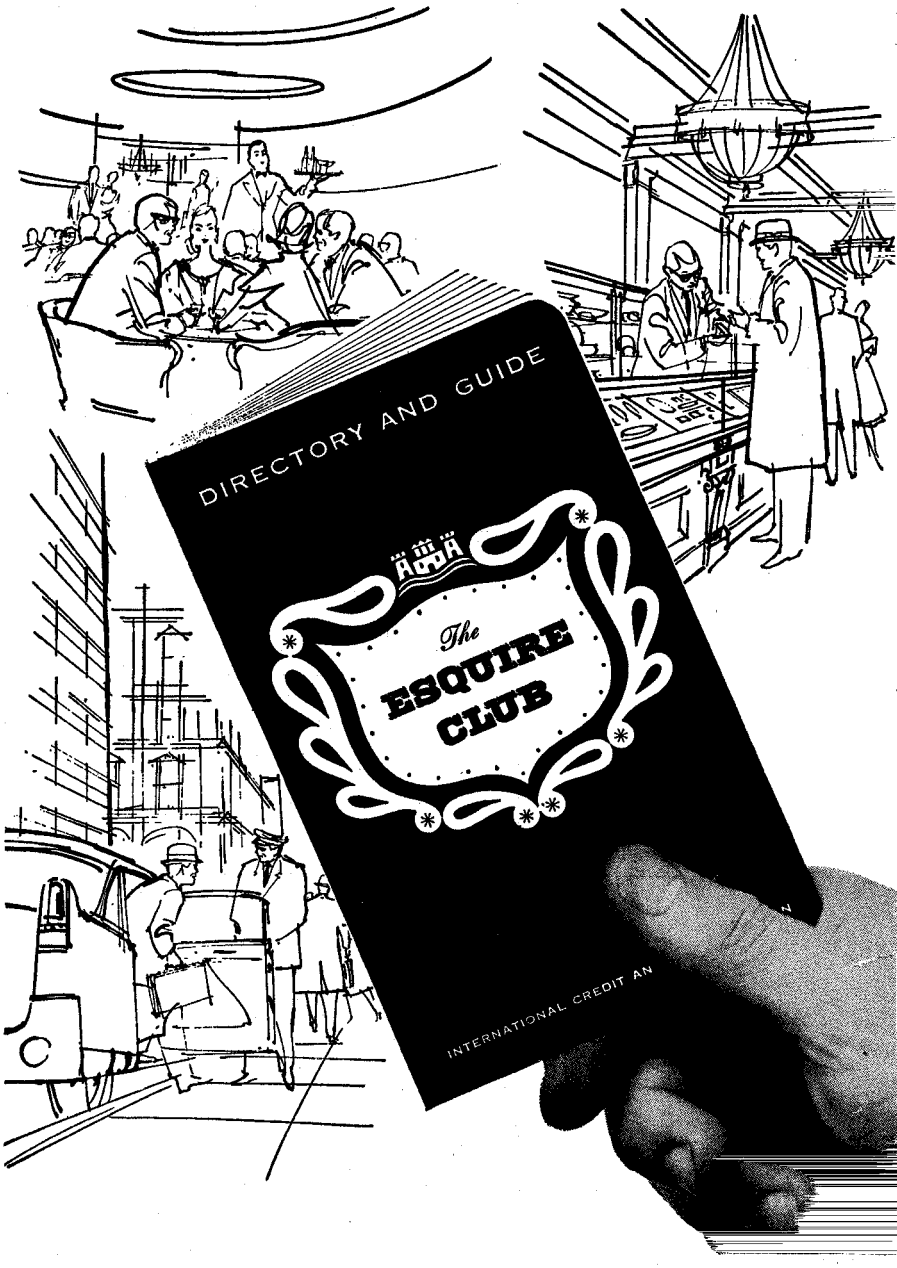

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Your Personal Entertainment Guide to Fine Restaurants, Clubs & Shops...Everywhere!

Show This Book & "Charge It" . . . Everywhere!

Become a charter member of the ESQUIRE CLUB and enjoy these outstanding services and privileges . . .

. . . your Directory-Guide lists hundreds of choice dining and entertainment establishments that will automatically honor your ESQUIRE CLUB membership. Gives valuable inside information on prices, specialties of the house, type of food served —even the name of each maitre de!

. . . a special charter membership fee of only $5 (limited time only) for an entire year!

. . . a fully-detailed monthly bill that you pay with a single check! An accurate, permanent record of your entertainment expenses, for tax and business purposes.

. . . additional membership cards for members of your family or firm—absolutely *free!*

Send in the coupon with your check or money order *now*, while the special $5 fee is still in effect!

ESQUIRE CLUB, Dept. 256C 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Your Name _____

Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Company Name _____ Nature of Business _____

Address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Yrs. with firm _____ Your Position _____

Your Bank _____ Branch _____

Your Signature _____ If Co. account, signature of Authorizing Executive

Check Only One

☐ Company Account—Bill to office address

☐ Personal Account—Bill to office address

☐ Personal Account—Bill to home address

Specify: ☐ $5 enclosed ☐ Bill me

☐ Regular ☐ Savings

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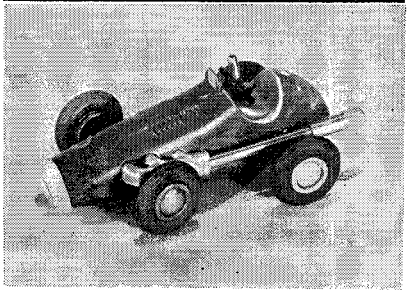
NEW PRODUCTS

Products on Parade

MAKE every meal a happy occasion with these personalized place mats for children. Print is gaily colored fruits, vegetables, fish and animals. First name of child is bordered by saying which encourages eating. 10″ x 15½″ paper mat. 36 for $1.00 pp. Miles Kimball, 122 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisc.

TREAT your shoes to these heart shaped, foam rubber trees. Shu-Puffs help eliminate wrinkles and preserve original appearance. Fit any size or shape shoe or slipper. Washable corduroy or terry cloth in most colors. $1.50 pp. Strauss Distrib. Co., Dept. CE, 2825 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

MAKE a spice chest for the kitchen wall. Pre-cut, ready-to-assemble kit contains detailed and grooved wood, drawer pulls. 11½″ x 7″ x 3″. Cherry, walnut, butternut or white oak. $7.50 pp. Uncut wood and pattern also available. Veneer Lumber & Plywood Co., 2639 S. Throop St., Chicago 8, Ill.



BOYS of all ages will delight in a Micro-Racer which drives in circles or travels straight ahead. Manual turning of exhaust screw adjusts front wheels for desired steering. 3½″. Motor wound by hand crank. Brake and bumper. $2.60 pp. Maison Militaire, 611 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N.J.

TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: See Coronet's Family Shopper, on page 161, for listings of additional mail order products and services which may be of further interest and value to you.

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No Personal Medical Exam Required*

People 60 to 80 can apply for life insurance now!

Mail the coupon for full information on old line legal reserve insurance.

No One Will Call On You At Any Time

* **NO MEDICAL EXAM REQUIRED**

You are not required to go to a doctor and take a medical examination, but you must be in good health at time your policy is issued.

Because the company does require that you be in good health, it reserves the right to verify the information you furnish on your Statement of Health when a claim is filed.

This should be no problem if you answer the questions completely. We DO care about your state of health, but do not require the medical examination as a matter of convenience to you.

If you are under 80, you can still apply for the Old American Golden Eagle policy—the same kind of policy you would buy from an agent. For Old American believes that people in the older age groups need and deserve insurance coverage just as much as anyone else. Let us tell you how to add an extra $1000 worth of life insurance to your present program—to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

We Will Explain How To Put Policy Into Effect For First 30 Days For Only $1.00

Just mail the coupon right away, giving age. No obligation. NO ONE WILL CALL ON YOU! Simply fill in the coupon and mail it today.

Tear out and mail this coupon today! No one will call on you.

You can depend on

Old American

AN OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE COMPANY

1 West 9th Street Kansas City, Missouri

OLD AMERICAN INSURANCE CO., Dept. L225M

1 West 9th St., Kansas City 5, Mo.

Gentlemen: Yes, please send me more information about your Golden Eagle life insurance policy—and how I may put it in effect for the first 30 days for only $1.00.

I understand that no one will call, and I am not obligated in any way.

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

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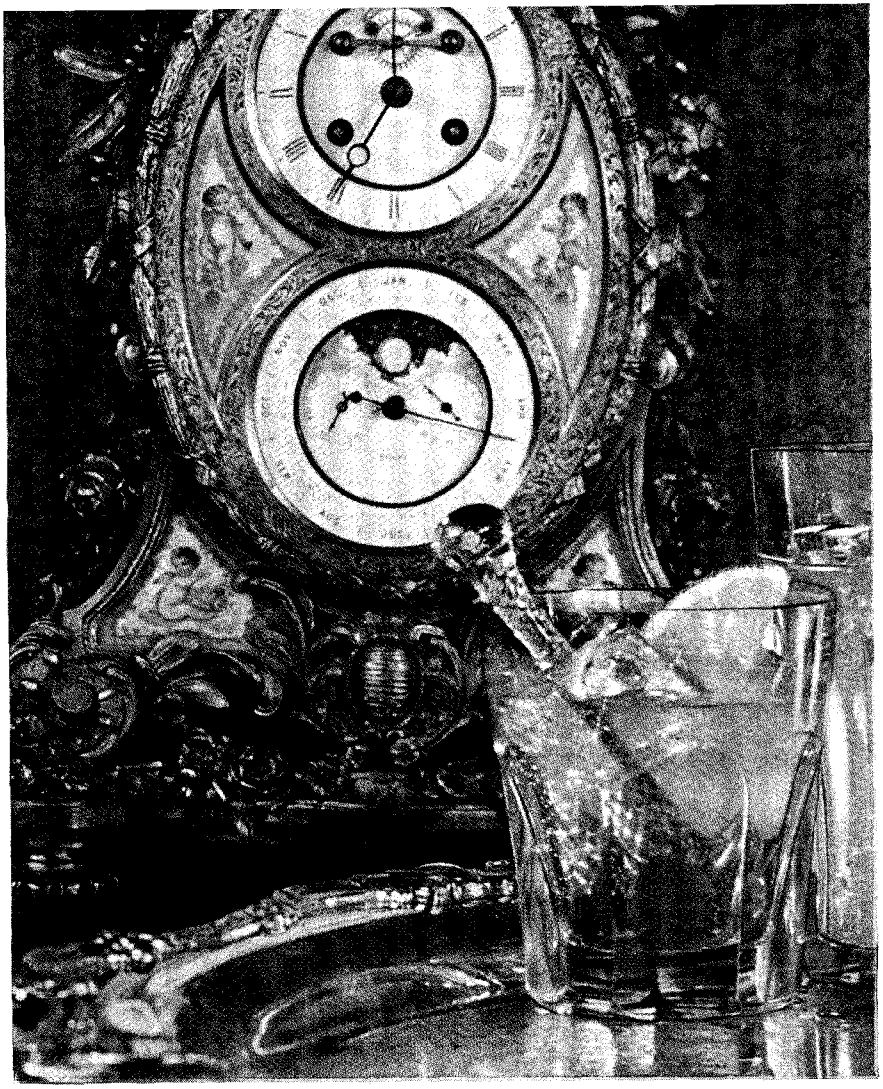

FRENCH CALENDAR CLOCK. *Lower dial shows months, days, dates, phases of moon.*

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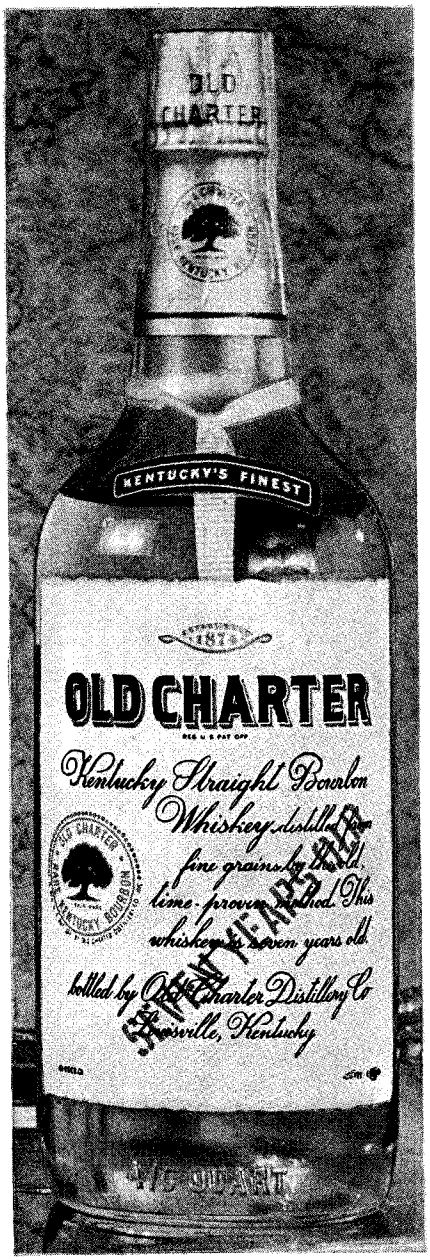
tick tock, tick tock,

the whiskey that didn't watch the clock . . . *seven long years!*

OLD CHARTER GOES into the cask a superior whiskey. Seven slow years' aging mellows it to rare magnificence. These two simple—but vital—factors are behind the superb flavor that is Old Charter's, alone. They have actually won over many Scotch, Canadian and Bonded whiskey drinkers. Try Old Charter yourself.

Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 86 Proof
7 Years Old • Old Charter
Distillery Company
Louisville, Kentucky



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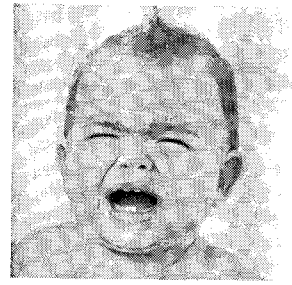
The difference between this...



and this...

is often this...

Chafe-Guard your baby...

with the only powder containing a special ingredient that *neutralizes* the irritants in body moisture.

Safe-Guard your baby...

with the finest, *purest* baby oil there is, specially blended with wonderfully soothing lanolin.

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The Sham of School Health Examinations

▶ *Too late, thousands of unhappy parents are realizing*
▶ *that the so-called "physicals" given*
▶ *their children are dangerously inadequate*

by WALTER A. GARDELL, *Director, Division of Physical Welfare, Elizabeth, N. J., Public Schools* *As told to* MARY JACOBS

TOWARD THE END of the summer, a five-year-old New Jersey child began to complain of stomach pains. He seemed tired, listless and unhappy.

"Ought to take him to a doctor," the boy's father said.

His mother agreed, but added, "Let's wait. He'll have a medical examination before he starts kindergarten."

A few weeks later the child, along with other kindergarteners, was examined. "Nothing the matter," the doctor reported. "Just see that he has plenty of fresh air, rest and affection. Don't give him any sweets between meals. He'll be all right."

The parents paid little attention after that to the boy's constant whining, his stomach upsets and listlessness. Not until two years later did they finally take him to the family doctor. There they heard a frightening diagnosis: cancer of the stomach!

Fortunately the cancer could still be treated successfully, but the parents looked back bitterly on all the time their son had had to suffer pain and undeserved scoldings.

Too late, thousands of unhappy parents are realizing the

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shocking truth about school medical examinations. Medical and educational authorities condemn the situation as a national disgrace.

Though we are spending $30,000,000 a year for school examinations, conservative medical estimates indicate that *only one pupil in 15* gets an adequate examination during his entire school career.

The basic trouble is this: what has been passing for a school medical examination isn't one at all.

In thousands of schools neither doctors nor medically trained personnel administer the tests. Instead, the principal, a teacher, or even an older pupil, officiates.

The children line up, one steps forward, the tester says, "Say ah," and peers into the throat. A crude whisper test for hearing and the good, but very limited, Snellen test for vision complete the "physical check-up." Yet on the strength of this almost meaningless examination, the parents receive a report that, physically, all is well with their child.

Or suppose the examination *is* made by a doctor—probably by an overworked public health officer or a private physician taking needed time away from his own practice to do this work for a pittance. The chances are that the children go through an assembly line processing which is little different in its results. One doctor remarked in disgust, "How can you call glancing over 40 kids in a morning session giving *medicals?*"

The AMA states: "The physician can perform a good screening examination and counsel with the child and his parents at the rate of four or five per hour, providing certain screening tests that can be performed by a nurse or teacher have been completed earlier." Yet, of 600 medical societies answering a nationwide AMA questionnaire, less than one third devoted 15 or more minutes to an examination in the schools; 163 admitted spending five to nine minutes; 89 as little as one to four minutes!

In addition, the AMA says the child should be checked for height and weight and questioned for complaints suggestive of illness. He should be given special vision tests, a hearing test with an audiometer, a dental examination by a dentist or dental hygienist, a tuberculin test, and a chest X ray.

THE MAJORITY of school examinations are conducted right in the schoolroom, where there is no privacy. The result is that the doctor fails to spot troubles that can only be revealed when the child removes most of his clothing. It has been estimated that only eight per cent of the pupils strip for examination. In fact, many cities actually have local rules or customs which prohibit the removal of clothing for a school medical examination.

No wonder doctors miss completely cases like that of a girl who had a spinal deformation that was concealed by her clothes, or of the boy who had a hernia that would have been seen had he stripped.

Chest X ray examination should be part of adequate diagnosis, but it is doubtful that one student in 20 routinely gets one. When parents of

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Lack of private examining rooms results in slap-dash examinations of fully clothed children

a first-grader in an eastern suburban community had her X-rayed by a private physician, it was found that she had TB. The entire class was then X-rayed and three others were also found to have tuberculosis. Moreover, so did the young teacher, who was identified as the source of infection.

Millions of school children are still given hearing tests by the crudest methods, when we have available an excellent device for testing hearing, the audiometer. Millions more get only a simple test of their visual acuity, in spite of the fact that we have modern machines that provide tests of all phases of vision.

But do we *need* physical examinations in the schools at all? Can't the whole thing be done by private physicians to whom parents might take their children? Medical authorities say "No!" mainly because most parents would not take the time and trouble to do so. The plain fact, as stated by the Second National Conference of Physicians and Schools, is that, on all economic levels, "It is uncommon for children who seem healthy to be taken to the doctor after their second year of life."

The need for school examinations has been dramatically proven by cases where the examinations have been thorough. When the Board of Education of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, had the entire student body of 1,575 take special vision tests, there were 307 failures. Incidentally, only 132 of these would have been discovered by the sketchy methods usually used in school vision tests.

The state of Pennsylvania instituted a program of thorough examinations, and found that out of approximately 1,000,000 children examined in one year, some 400,000 had medical defects.

What can be done to make the medical examination system in your schools work?

Abandon the farce of annual examinations. The AMA believes that four thorough examinations, given at regular intervals, the first before the child starts kindergarten, will reveal health difficulties.

In a special study in Rochester, New York, where three such examinations are given, it was found that during the year following the admission examination only one child out of 997 had developed a serious condition which had not been and could not have been observed by the teacher.

Organize community forces. Perhaps the best way to do this is to follow the example of communities like Bronxville, New York. Here standards are set, and a watchful eye kept on school health problems by active health committees which include not only the official school

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physicians and school nurses, but the school principals, five general practitioners, five pediatricians, and several representatives of the PTA.

Have parents present at examinations. In the first place, says the AMA, this increases the likelihood that the examination will be complete; if it is incomplete, the parents will at least not receive the false impression that it was.

Also, parents can give vital information that will often not turn up in examination. In Elizabeth, New Jersey, a parent told the examining physician that her child sometimes lacked bladder control. Acting on this information, the doctor ordered tests, which revealed diabetes.

Provide adequate facilities. All schools where examinations are to be made should have rooms which insure privacy. Children should not be embarrassed by having possible ailments brought to the attention of their classmates.

Give examining doctors more help. That means, in the first place, teachers better trained in medical matters. Too many schools expect teachers to play some part in observing the physical condition of children, yet do not give them any sort of training that would help them spot ailments.

Scores of communities have used volunteer helpers with gratifying results. In Phoenix, Arizona, parents learned to use the audiometer and tackled the giving of hearing examinations in teams. One mother operated the machine, another took the readings and a third shepherded the children.

All this may take time, for sweeping changes cannot be made overnight. While your community is working toward decent medical examinations for its children, you owe your own children the protection of a proper examination by the family physician at least once every three years.

We live in times of great medical achievements. Yet, wonderful as they are, we can make an equal contribution to the health of America's children by wiping out the scandal of our inadequate school medical examinations.

Language Lessons

ONE COMFORTING THING about being called a procrastinator is that you'll probably never get around to looking up its meaning.

—WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE (*Louisville Courier-Journal*)

Six schools tried and failed to cram formal education into Will Rogers. After he became famous, a woman listener reproached him for bad syntax.

"Syntax?" Rogers repeated, obviously wrestling with a strange word. "It must be bad, havin' both sin and tax in it."

—HOMER CROY, *Our Will Rogers*, Little, Brown & Co., Duell, Sloan & Pearce

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A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Triple Play

Juggling words can be trickier than juggling weights, says Quizmaster Preston Foster, seen on television stations across the country as star of "Waterfront." The reason: one word can have three different meanings, as illustrated in the groups below. Try, for instance, CROSS in–––––roads,–––––to bear, don't be–––––.

(Answers on page 94)

1. the shoemaker's ––––; came in ––––; will ––––forever.
2. ––––– numbers; sing a –––––; ––––– robin.
3. don't ––– on; ––– up; rooms to –––.
4. ––––– office; take ––––; ship's ––––.
5. ––––– the letters; nail ––––; single ––––.
6. steep –––––; passing –––––; make the –––––.
7. a great ––––; a fair ––––; your ––––.
8. money –––––; standing –––––; keep in –––––.
9. pay a ––––; feeling ––––; ––––– point.
10. ––––– of sense; against the –––––; ––––– elevator.
11. ––––– word; ––––– out; go on –––––.
12. ––––– around; honor ––––; ––––– of drums.
13. ––––– up straight; one night –––––; take the –––––.
14. bank ––––; high ––––; make a ––––– of.
15. ––––– roughshod; ––––– out the storm; ––––– a horse.
16. helping ––––; on the other ––––; ––––– down.
17. ––––– of cheese; ––––– together; play a –––––.
18. ––– book; ––– cabin; sleep like a –––.
19. ––––– dark; have perfect –––––; ––––– a tent.
20. ––––– of view; come to the –––––; ––––– system.
21. safe in the ––––; ––––– your arms; ––––– up.
22. ––––– of the matter; ––––– beats; learn by –––––.
23. ––––– a fight; ––––– the lock; ––––– and shovel.
24. ––––––– slope; ––––––– hint; ––––––– manner.
25. ––––– house; picture –––––; ––––– of mind.
26. ––––– the bill; under ––––; at the ––––– of the hill.
27. ––––– of hearing; ––––– winter; ––––– as a rock.
28. ––––––– minded; ––––––– escape; ––––––– road.
29. ––– dry; ––– a risk; ––– smoothly; ––– of luck.
30. ––––– of light; ––––– in the pan; eyes ––––– fire.

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"I Lost 401

"Diet or die," said the doctors, and in 14 months this 555-pound side show fat lady transformed herself into a normal-looking housewife

by CELESTA GEYER
As told to SAMUEL ROEN

LESS THAN six years ago I weighed 555 pounds. I was five feet eight inches around the waist, an even seven feet around the hips and my bust was 74½ inches.

Today I weigh 122 pounds and you wouldn't recognize me as Dolly Dimples, the former side show fat lady. I lost over 400 pounds—and my job, of course—in 14 months. This is what happened.

From the time I was eight I began to gain weight. The climb to my peak of 555 pounds went on unabatedly until 1950 when the load became just too much. I was rushed to the hospital with a heart attack and my physician told me bluntly, "Diet or die, Dolly."

With my breath labored, my heart pounding, I suddenly realized life was more than eating, and I had to give up one or the other.

It wasn't easy, for I had been born into a Cincinnati family devoted to fine old German foods. By my twenty-second birthday they had provided me with a 258-pound figure, if you call it a figure. I had passed the 300-pound mark when Frank Geyer and I were married.

We set up housekeeping in a small flat where I grew and grew in all directions until I became quite a contrast to my handsome husband who remained as trim in civilian life as he had been in the Navy.

Frank helped me walk, dress and bathe. He even did the cooking. Each morning I'd have a quart of milk and half a dozen eggs with a pound or more of ham. Frank made sure that I had a box of candy, six or seven bananas, cookies and other snacks close at hand before he left for work.

For dinner he fixed a stack of pork chops in heavy gravy, and hot biscuits with butter and honey. With five chops, I had three helpings of mashed potatoes and a couple of avocados, but few other vegetables. I usually ate four pieces of peach pie covered with whipped cream, and one or two more as a bedtime snack.

I had reached the 358-pound mark when I became a side show fat lady, and continued to grow bigger and fatter than ever. Then Frank and I decided that we would have our own show and as Dolly Dim-

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Pounds"

ples, 555 pounds, I traveled all over the country.

We wintered in Orlando, Florida, where we had our own home with specially built living room furniture, king size. The floors were poured concrete slab. Our bath was a shower and stall in the biggest meaning of the word. There were no tubs big enough for Dolly. My kitchen chair was custom made as was my bed.

Everything I did had to be done with special consideration. I learned to stay out of movies because my body was just too big for a theater seat. I gave up riding in public conveyances because I could not get through a bus door or into a taxi. We traveled in our own car that had reinforced frame and springs.

While visiting friends and relatives in Cincinnati, I was struck down with my heart attack. I had to be placed in an improvised bed on the floor. As I lay there I begged to be taken home to Orlando with tears in my eyes.

We had a bad trip and I suffered another attack in Georgia, but with a prayer to God and unfaltering determination we arrived in Orlando, where I was rushed to the hospital and put on a strict diet of 800 calories per day.

As the weeks passed I grew

Today Celesta is a slim 122 pounds.

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stronger on the lesser amounts of food. But most of the time I didn't think I could go on. At night I could hear and feel the sickening muffled growling of my stomach; if I slipped off to sleep, shocking nightmares awakened me.

Somehow I held on and one day my doctor told me my heart was stronger and my weight was down enough to allow me to go home, if I would continue the diet. With this challenge, he gave me a list of meats, fruits and vegetables, and their respective caloric values, and suggested that I plan my meals to suit my own needs.

After 49 years of overeating I found myself limited to 800 calories per day in the same house where I formerly had gluttoned myself on 10,000 calories. As a caution I pasted a picture of Dolly Dimples, the fat lady, on the refrigerator . . . and there I stood, a full-fashioned sentry, on the guard.

I knew that my diet would not let me starve, but the contracting stomach pains that never let up tortured me to a point of frenzy. With tears in my eyes and in my heart, I prayed for the courage to continue. If I could only get rid of the endless gnawing, gnawing with almost nothing inside to be gnawed. I found some relief from stomach pain with a hot water bottle at one time and an ice pack at another.

One of my neighbors, a former masseuse, suggested massage and hot baths. My doctor approved, because as a heart patient, I could not supplement my diet with exercise. With the massage I lost weight more readily and my body firmed. I worried about flabby skin as the pounds fell away but continued massage removed my worries.

As we progressed, my masseuse held out before me as a psychological tonic the goal of bathing myself. It's hard for anyone else to imagine how eagerly I looked forward to the day that I would be able to take my own bath. Finally I succeeded.

By the fall of 1950 my weight was at the point where I could get around well and I bought my first ready-made dress, size 26½. At the same time I bought a second dress, size 22½. I hung the smaller dress outside of my closet where it was a constant challenge and inspiration. By Easter of 1951 I weighed 193 pounds and I wore that dress. Truly I was the proudest lady in the Easter Parade as Frank and I strolled along the avenue in Orlando.

I had promised my doctor that I would lose 400 pounds. On my 50th birthday, July 18, 1951, I weighed 154, or 401 pounds less than I had when I began my diet 14 months previously.

A few days before my birthday, Frank looked at me and smiled. "I never thought when I married you," he said, "that you were going to turn into a glamorous bride at 50." I was so happy I cried.

EVERYONE WANTS to know how it's possible to lose 400 pounds. The first thing is to make up your mind to stop overeating. Once you get on a diet, don't ever deviate from it.

Dieting is serious business and deserves serious consideration. If you try to hide from your diet by going

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to bed early to let sleep "cover" for you, you'll only burn less calories. It's important to keep on a rigid schedule, eight hours of sleep, never more or less. This keeps body functions as uniform as possible. I ate my meals on a precise schedule too, giving the consuming processes uniform intake and uniform time to absorb that intake.

Some experts will tell you that you can have certain foods without limit. But I watched everything, even my liquid intake which was limited to 48 ounces per day. This included all beverages, juices and eight ounces of required skimmed milk or buttermilk. I learned to drink a caffeine-free beverage (within my liquid limit) which helped my nerves.

I eliminated salt wherever possible because salt has an effect of stimulating the appetite. It also absorbs and retains liquid and thus weight. I discovered many new interesting flavors in old foods that had lost their identity by being "salted" down.

I learned to chew and chew every single bite of food. This made meals go further and at the same time my body derived the greatest digestive benefits.

I saved as much as 50 per cent of my bread calories by baking my own, salt free, and slicing it half as thick as a regular slice. Result: 38 calories as opposed to 75.

Now, at 122 pounds, I'm living proof that no one need be fat. Four years have passed since I lost those 433 pounds, so it's not just a temporary thing. I eat anything I want to now but I don't overeat.

My doctor has given me assurance that my heart is fine and I'm in excellent health. For the first time in my life, I am truly a happy woman.

With Bertha Curtis (right) Celesta appeared in a side show. The death of another circus partner and friend, Jolly Pearl (her huge body demanded a large truck instead of a hearse), and her own heart attack, frightened Celesta into dieting.

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WHERE THE ROYAL FAMILY RELAXES

by GRAHAM FISHER

At Sandringham, their 17,000-acre estate 105 miles from London, the Queen and her family live and dress as they please

AT DAWN on a bleak winter's day two men came rapping at the door of a small country hotel near the wild salt-marshes which fringe England's eastern coast. They had guns under their arms, hunting kits slung over their shoulders.

They were duck-hunting, they said, and could the hotel rustle up some breakfast and provide them with a place to change?

They were shown into a little washroom off the kitchen where the pots and pans were kept. There, while breakfast was being prepared, they changed into thigh-boots and warm naval-type duffle coats.

Not until they were midway through breakfast did a chance remark reveal that the hotel's unexpected guests were the Duke of Edinburgh and bearded film actor James Robertson Justice, who had driven over from nearby Sandringham House.

It is to Sandringham House, a big country mansion set amid a 17,000-acre estate of heathland and pinewoods, of well-run farms and tucked-away cottages, that Queen Elizabeth II and her husband love to escape for a few days when official duties have been pressing too heavily upon them.

Sandringham, 105 miles northeast of London's Buckingham Palace, has been a hideaway for the Royal Family ever since Edward VII bought it in 1861, when he was Prince of Wales, for around $1,000,000. Careful management by successive royal owners—and rising land values—have made it worth

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several times its initial cost today.

From Sandringham, which is the Royal Family's personal property and not an official state residence, the Queen can drive over to Newmarket, where her racehorses are trained, in less than two hours. Her husband has his choice of several nearby airfields if he wants to enjoy some flying.

Sandringham is perhaps the only place in Britain where they can let slip the iron mask of royalty, not bother too much about how they dress, come and go as they please, forget the rigid official timetable . . . be themselves.

The Duke's naval training has made him an early riser, even on vacation. The Queen rises early, too. But Princess Margaret and Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, like to sleep late and breakfast in bed.

It is nothing unusual to see Elizabeth II, her face bare of make-up, trudging around in snow boots and an old raincoat with a scarf tied round her head. Even Margaret, who ranks as one of the best-dressed women in the world, dresses so casually that she has been mistaken for a kitchen maid.

The folk of the eight villages dotted about the estate see the Royal Family as no one else ever does—informal, relaxed, off-duty.

They have seen Princess Margaret stretched out on the grass, chin in hands, a straw between her teeth, as she watched a game of

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cricket. They were interested lookers-on at the horseback riding she enjoyed with handsome, craggy-jawed Peter Townsend.

To the rest of the world Elizabeth may be the Queen, but to village folk Philip is "the gaffer," which is country slang for the foreman, the boss, the man who runs it all. At Sandringham, he need no longer be careful to play second fiddle to his wife, nor worry about coming between her and the spotlight.

Here he can take his place as head of the household, go dashing about in a jeep, give the orders, look after the running of things. He turns up unheralded at the milking sheds, the sugar-beet fields, the piggeries, the workshops.

He will stop to chat with anyone he happens to meet on his way round—manager, farm-worker, housewife. One housewife had the shock of her life when she answered the door to find Philip standing outside. "May I come in, please?" he asked. He had called to check for himself whether repairs to the cottage had been carried out to his satisfaction.

His casual, friendly attitude has endeared him to the 220 estate workers. But his air of casualness hides a liking for neatness and efficiency. Once, the littered floor of a workshop struck him as too untidy.

"How about sweeping this place out?" he said.

"But we're up to our eyes in work," was the reply.

"Nonsense," said Philip. "You can't be so busy that there isn't someone who could spend half-an-hour with a broom in his hands."

Wet or shine, snow or blow, Philip loves to be out with gun and dog hunting pheasants, partridges, wild duck or woodcock. He prefers to

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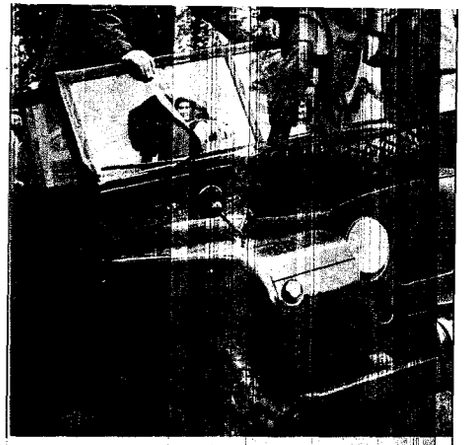
With rigid duties temporarily put aside, the Queen and her husband play with Prince Charles and Princess Anne amidst the quiet of a secluded rustic background, far from the watchful eyes of a governess. Or, in Philip's favorite jeep-like Land Rover, they bump along open country roads and enjoy the carefree hours of their vacation in much the same way as any ordinary family.



hunt with a few hand-picked companions or even to slip off entirely on his own, a habit which at first disconcerted those whose job it is to watch over him.

Often the Queen goes with him on his hunting trips, tramping mile after mile through fields and woods. Or she will take her dogs—corgis and sealyhams—on a ratting expedition.

SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT things are possible only at Sandringham. One day, hearing that a fair was opening in a near-by town, the Queen drove over with her mother for a look around. They spent an hour or more walking among the side shows, watching the merry-go-rounds, getting rock from a stall to take back to the children, and, finally, climbing the steps into one of the caravans to chat with a traveling showman and his wife.

"It's as comfortable as a good many houses, isn't it?" said the Queen Mother as she looked round the caravan.

The Queen belongs to the Sandringham Women's Institute—her mother is honorary president—and attends meetings in the brick-built village hall a quarter-of-a-mile from Sandringham House. She sits in a folding chair while her mother reads the minutes. Later she becomes one of a foursome—the other three are village women—sitting round a card table to eat sandwiches and drink a cup of tea poured from a "Sunday best" silver teapot brought along by one of the members in honor of the occasion.

The high spot of the last meeting that Elizabeth attended was a singing session to the accompaniment of an old-fashioned barrel organ. The Queen joined in heartily on such old favorites as "Daisy Bell,"

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"Dolly Gray" and "After the Ball Is Over." She could not resist walking over and cranking the barrel organ a couple of times to see how it worked.

But what the Queen appreciates most about her holidays at Sandringham is the extra time it gives her with Charles and Anne. For a few glorious, carefree days she can be with them nearly all day long—joining them at feeding the chickens, laughing with them at the Walt Disney cartoons shown on the portable screen in the ballroom, watching them as they race about the woods and fields in sweaters and long corduroy trousers.

Like any other mother, she uses a home movie camera to capture their antics. She took them along to a meet of the local hunt and filmed their fascination as they wandered among the scarlet-coated huntsmen and boisterous hounds.

Of course nothing would satisfy young Charles, but he had to be lifted on to the back of one of the horses and handed a hunting horn. But though he huffed and puffed until his cheeks bulged and his face turned red, not a single note could he get out of it.

One of the children's favorite play places is the estate fire station. The firemen keep a particularly alert eye on young Anne. They know she takes after her grandfather when it comes to climbing. The late King George VI, born and brought up at Sandringham, was famed throughout the district for his prowess in climbing trees. Anne's taste runs to ladders . . . and all ladders are hurriedly put out of sight when she turns up at the fire station.

To the rest of Britain, the Royal Family, loved and respected though they are, must ever remain aloof beings moving against a background of convention and tradition. Only the handful of folk living at Sandringham, where they spend so much of their off-duty time, are privileged to catch a glimpse of the flesh-and-blood people behind the royal façade.

Last Request

IN JUNE, 1911, a man named Patrick Casey sat in a death cell at the Nevada State Penitentiary in Carson City. Casey had been a baseball fan for years and, in fact, had served as an umpire. Now, in the last hours of his life, he could hear the sounds of baseball being played in the prison yard. He listened for a while and then asked a guard to call the warden.

"I wonder, Warden," he said, "if you would grant me a last request."

"If it's reasonable—yes," said the warden.

"Before I die," said Patrick, "I'd like to umpire another ball game. Could you have one tomorrow and let me umpire it?"

The request seemed reasonable to the warden and the game was arranged. So, the day before he was to be executed, Casey stood again behind the plate. And not once during the nine innings did a convict player dispute a decision.

—*Low and Inside*, by H. ALLEN SMITH. Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright 1949 by Ira L. Smith & H. Allen Smith.

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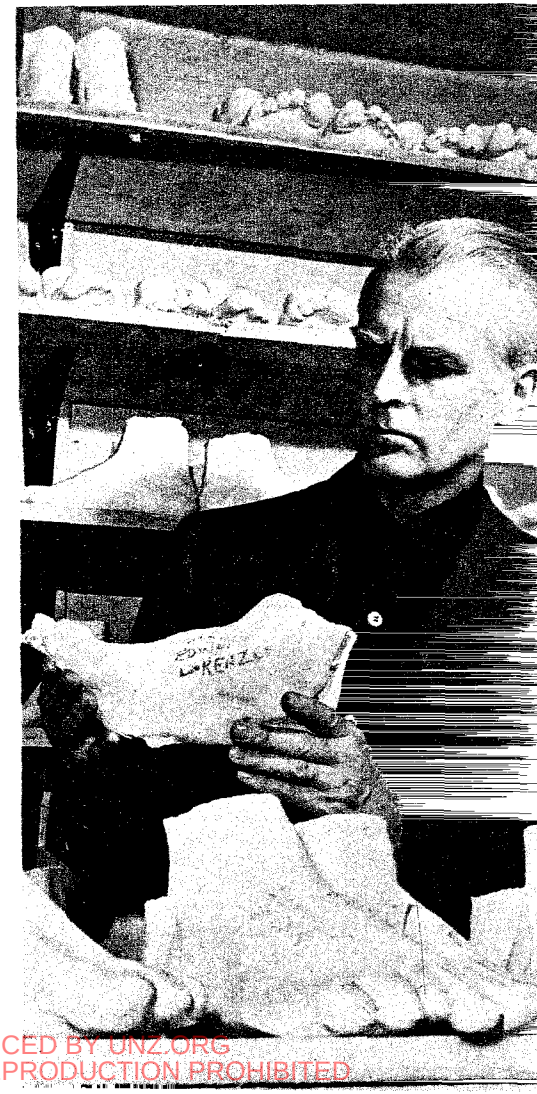
ORTHOPEDIC SPACE MAN

by IRWIN ROSS

TO RELIEVE HIS OWN ACHING FEET, AN EX-ICE SKATER INVENTED A NEW IDEA IN SHOES THAT THOUSANDS OF DEVOTEES SWEAR BY



ALAN E. MURRAY, inventor of the Murray Space Shoe, likes to tell about a young man who had been rejected by the Navy for flat feet. He thereupon got a pair of Mr. Murray's shoes, wore them for several months and was sufficiently rehabilitated to pass his physical.

Once in the service, however, he was forbidden to wear the helpful footgear, and was punished many times when he disobeyed orders. Finally his commanding officer asked him, "Why do you insist on catching so much hell by wearing those shoes?"

To which the sailor replied: "Sir, my feet take so much hell when I don't wear them that I prefer the hell you give me."

He was forthwith granted permission to shod himself as he liked.

Thousands of devotees of the Murray shoe echo the

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sailor's sentiments. True, Mr. Murray's product is possibly the most unattractive shoe extant; it also costs $70 and takes two months to get. But its fans, who evangelize for it with rare fervor, think it is the most comfortable shoe in the world.

Sufferers from fallen arches, corns, bunions, mosaic warts, heel spurs, or hammer toes frequently claim amazing relief from the shoe. Ordinary mortals, who just get weary on their feet, are equally enthusiastic; waitresses, dentists, salesgirls, postmen and dancers particularly favor it.

The Space Shoe is snub-nosed, heelless and bulky-looking; it resembles an overgrown sneaker or a truncated galosh. Its success, however, is based on a simple principle: it is molded to the contours of each individual foot, the inner surfaces undulating with every bump, bunion and bone irregularity. The foot literally walks in its own imprint, which gives a welcome feeling of vigor and freedom.

Murray calls his product Space Shoes because they provide uninhibited space in which the liberated foot can flourish.

His 50,000 customers have included such notables as Arthur Godfrey, Danny Kaye, Joe DiMaggio, Beatrice Lillie, Robert Cummings, Martha Graham and Mrs. Iva Litvinov, wife of the late Soviet ambassador.

"Godfrey has been a great friend of the shoe," Murray states.

This amiable relationship began early in Murray's shoemaking career. Sometime after Godfrey had broken his hip, he found he could walk most comfortably in Space Shoes.

He promptly announced this discovery to his adoring public. Once he even put his feet up on the table and showed off his bizarre footgear. One of his sponsors was a shoe company. After extolling the virtues of its products, Godfrey said, "But if you want the best shoe, get the Murray shoe."

THE SPACE SHOE is based on what Alan Murray calls the "hydraulic" rather than the conventional skeletal view of the foot. The latter view regards the foot as an engineering problem in bone structure; Murray, on the other hand, likens it to a plastic bag filled with "watery tissue" or jelly.

To him, shodding a foot is not a mere matter of encasing the bones in a stylish envelope; it is just as important that muscles and flesh not be pinched. For any undue presure distorts the "watery tissue" and ultimately makes for distinctly unhealthy feet.

"The resistance of the foot is lowered," he explains, "and it is then prey to all kinds of ills."

Murray makes no effort to pressure the deformed foot into a more agreeable shape. "With photographic accuracy," he says, his shoe follows every distortion of the sick foot. His theory is that by giving the foot breathing space, it will tend to revert to a more natural shape.

"There is an inner plan of perfection in every foot," he maintains. "When freed of artificial restraint, the foot remembers its original plan. Unless, of course, it has already

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Unlike conventional shoe, the ungainly-looking Space Shoe is molded around foot of wearer who walks in his own foam rubber footsteps. The shoes last about five years, cost $70 a pair and usually require nearly two months for delivery.

been too debased. Then we can at least provide comfort."

To prove that sick feet improve when provided with enough space, Murray displays before-and-after casts of his customers' feet. He is even prouder of a three-cast series of his own left foot, showing its progress from a piteously gnarled, hammer-toed specimen 20 years ago to its present lithe, high-arched, muscular version.

To clinch the point, Murray frequently sheds shoe and stocking to show a soft-skinned, uncalloused foot with enough mobility in the sole to pick up a rubber ball.

He is, of course, aware of the frequent complaint that the Space Shoe is a stylistic monstrosity.

"What we have to do," he says stoutly, "is not to change the mode of our shoe but the mode of your eyes. You shouldn't look perpendicularly down at the shoe but at the person's carriage, the whole appearance, as he or she walks along the street. A good pair of shoes can take ten years off a woman's life."

Making a shoe with these wondrous powers is a complicated process. First, plaster imprints are made of the customer's feet. From these "negatives" exact duplicates of the feet are cast. The shoes are then painstakingly molded around the casts.

A close approximation of the foot's contour is possible because the basic material of the shoe is not leather but a rubbery fabric consisting of toweling impregnated with liquid latex and containing a chemical to speed the process of cold vulcanizing.

After the sole and uppers have been shaped, the shoe is lined with monk's cloth. Then an outer sole of foam rubber is added, and a leather surface on top if the customer wants it. He also gets a choice of color and of minor ornamentation.

No stitches are used; all parts of the shoe are vulcanized. A sliver of metal in the heel serves as a lightning rod to discharge static electricity.

What with the meticulous handiwork required, and the time spent drying out the rubber at each stage, it takes at least a month to make a pair of shoes. Murray's two factories are so overloaded, however, that two months normally elapse between order and delivery.

For customers in a great hurry, a lightweight version—the "contact shoe"—is available at $50. This item

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is made right on the customer's feet, by essentially the same process.

"In some ways," says Murray, "it is the better shoe for healthy feet. It is more dynamic—the wearer literally walks it into the exact shape as the rubber is drying."

The "contact shoe," however, wears out in a year or so, whereas the "basic shoe" normally lasts five years. And it can be readily rebuilt —providing the inner surfaces are intact.

Thrifty customers can also make their own shoes on their own feet. For $25, Murray offers a shoe kit with detailed instructions and enough material for three adult pairs. He maintains that anyone can learn to make a decent pair in one night although, of course, it will not have the accuracy of the factory product.

MURRAY, A HANDSOME intense-looking man with piercing eyes and a great mane of white hair, thinks of himself as more than merely a successful shoemaker. He is a homebrewed philosopher, a historian of the shoemaking art, and a fervent crusader for liberated feet. In time snatched from his plaster casts, he has composed an angry book, *Shoes and Feet to Boot*, privately printed and currently above the 5,000 mark in sales.

He was born in California, 61 years ago, of an old New York family. From his earliest years he had a passion for ice skating. When he was 20, he became a professional skater and continued for the next two decades.

When his feet finally gave out, he started his "quest for feet health," as his wife puts it. He tried a wide range of corrective shoes, to no avail.

In a dentist's chair he had an inspiration for his "ideal shoe." Make it with the same exactitude as an inlay, through the use of casts! He at once started to experiment with ways of taking casts, using plastic, wax, paraffin and anything else that came to hand. Murray's laboratory was his bedroom in a cheap New York rooming house. It was almost destroyed once when some paraffin caught fire. He managed to put out the blaze, though both feet were firmly embedded in paraffin blocks.

Finally he perfected the plaster cast technique which he uses; but no manufacturer with a pot of gold came forward to back him. In 1935, broke and discouraged, he took a job at $18 a week in a dental laboratory.

But he was restless. He wanted to get back to the ideal shoe, and he kept experimenting with shoes molded of various mixtures of rubber, fabric, leather, fiber and rope. He finally approximated his present product, whereupon he claims that his corns, callouses and hammer toes miraculously began to disappear. But he still could not interest doctors or shoe companies, though he regularly made the rounds.

He took another job—in a Wilmington, Delaware, factory—at a wage that ranged between $15 and $20 a week. One night, broke and hungry, he walked into Judson Ryan's Health Restaurant in Wilmington and put a sample of his

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shoe on top of the lunch counter.

"Mr. Ryan," he said, "would you trade a meal ticket for the best shoe in the world?"

Mr. Ryan said yes, and Murray suddenly found himself launched. He made shoes for Ryan and his whole family, including his 90-year-old grandmother, and patrons of the restaurant started ordering the daring new footgear.

As Mrs. Murray, an early customer, ecstatically put it, "Well fed on health food, Mr. Murray worked early and late in his Shoe Shack, which became a well-known, quaint rendezvous of the 'Unafraid.' "

Murray began to pick up customers in nearby Washington and soon had calls from New York. In 1945, he settled in an old building in Greenwich Village. He kept his factory in Wilmington, established a larger one in Bridgeport. His shoes soon enjoyed a great vogue in the Village; one well-known panhandler even began to sport them.

Last year, Murray bought a second building in New York—an ornate, four-story, white tile stablehouse on West 58th Street, built around the turn of the century by railroad magnate Jay Gould.

In this equestrian palace, Murray has installed a skating rink and living quarters, as well as stalls for taking casts of customers' feet, a repair shop and a showroom. Naturally, he has called the establishment "Castle In Space."

Coins and Bills: How Fast Can You Figure?

THIS IS A TEST of your ability as a quick change artist. In each question below, pick out the amount that can be paid with the number of coins or bills specified, using only one coin or bill of each value.

For example, suppose the question asks which of three sums—18 cents, 16 cents or 21 cents—could be paid with three different coins. No three-coin combination adds up to 18 cents, so that answer is out. You could pay 21 cents with three coins, but it would take two of the same denomination, two dimes and a penny. So that is not the answer. But you can make 16 cents with three different coins, a dime, a nickel and a penny. So 16 cents is the only correct answer to the question.

Speed counts. You have just one minute to choose your answers. Ready? Your one minute starts now. Get going!

1. Which sum can be paid with three different coins?
   $1.86 $1.31 $1.90 80c
2. Which sum can be paid with four different pieces of paper money?
   $17 $157 $133 $83
3. Which sum can be paid with five different coins?
   $2.06 $1.80 91c 85c
4. Which sum can be paid with four different pieces of paper money?
   $106 $77 $128 $159
5. Which sum can be paid with four different pieces of paper money?
   $166 $65 $16 $135
6. Which sum can be paid with four different coins?
   66c $1.15 46c 96c

For the answers turn to page 152.

—Changing Times, *The Kiplinger Magazine*

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"I'M PROUD OF TEXAS"

by THOMAS S. SUTHERLAND
As told to HART STILWELL

A fifth-generation Texan believes his fellow citizens will meet the challenge of desegregation in the state's venerable tradition of freedom

OCCASIONALLY SOMEONE SUGGESTS to me that my forebears would turn over in their graves if they knew the work I do.

Something happened recently that caused me to do a lot of thinking about that. I drove the 50 miles from Austin, Texas, where I live, to the old home place where my great grandfather, E. Sterling C. Robertson, settled back in 1854. He served as a general in the Confederate Army but was always called "Colonel," the title of highest respect in the South to which he belonged.

The Robertson place is a historic landmark. The big house contains 22 rooms, with a long dining room, huge fireplace in the kitchen for cooking, a washroom, smokehouse, and an outside-entered guest room for passing horsemen.

Not the least interesting is a row of low, solidly-built stone rooms, each with its fireplace, that lies be-

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tween the barns and the big old white home. These were for slaves.

All appears the same today. Only the slaves are gone.

As I looked at those old slave quarters I began to wonder what the Sterling Robertsons and others who helped build Texas would say of my work.

"What kind of work are you engaged in?" they might ask.

"Race relations. I am director of the Texas Commission on Race Relations," I would say. "I am trying to help my fellow Texans adjust to integration of Negroes and whites in the public schools."

"You mean that Negroes and whites are going to the same schools as equals?"

"They are starting to. It's the law now."

There is, of course, no way of knowing exactly what they would say to that. But I'll wager that neither my great grandfather nor my great great grandfather, if they were alive today, would fight integration. Neither would Sam Houston, who had lived with the Indians, nor others among the outstanding men who helped shape Texas history.

The men who built Texas were children of the Jeffersonian spirit, they were not looking backward toward some good old way of life but were men of change, practical men ready to adapt. And they loved liberty.

Yes, I think my forebears would understand the work I am doing. I think my paternal great great grandfather who owned slaves, whose son died at the Alamo and whose own horse was shot from under him at San Jacinto, would see the point and agree with the principle.

But whatever their opinions, I have no doubts about the manner in which the vast majority of my fellow Texans are thinking today on the race question. Not a day passes that doesn't bring some added reason to be proud of my state.

For Texas has taken the first important step toward ending segregation of the Negro in the public schools, as required by a new interpretation of the Constitution.

I think Texas will do a good job.

There are sound reasons for this belief. First, the heritage of frontier freedom and equality. Second, the fact that Texas is an old hand at solving race problems: she is steadily nearing victory in a long battle to end segregation of the Latin-American.

As I see it, there are only two major stumbling blocks in the path of harmonious, moderately rapid desegregation.

One is the attitude of a very few high public officials, who could have been key figures in preparing their people for a change that obviously is inevitable, but have chosen to fight it.

The other is a dangerous attitude cultivated by a newly-formed organization called Citizens Councils, which fans anti-Negro prejudice. Originating in Mississippi, it has spread to several other Southern states and recently into Texas.

Nonetheless, let me cite evidence of our progress so far—evidence which I have chosen directly from

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the public schools themselves:

From Thomas B. Portwood, superintendent of the San Antonio Public Schools, largest system in Texas to integrate: ". . . we have had no incidents of any kind and have had as quiet a beginning year as I have experienced."

M. E. Smith, superintendent at Sinton: "We did not contemplate any difficulties to begin with and every one is apparently accepting our policy of integration in good faith."

With his letter, Superintendent Smith enclosed a newspaper clipping which started, "Pleasing to most fans and spectators Friday was the smooth way in which the game (football) went off, in view of the fact that Sinton, an integrated school, was tangling with Cuero, non-integrated."

THESE LETTERS and others reveal that those immediately concerned with desegregation, pupils and educators, are accepting it willingly and harmoniously. The fact that practically no white parents have objected to their children going to school with Negro children leads to the conclusion that much of the opposition comes from adults who do not even have children of school age.

There are hundreds of thousands of white people in Texas who have no strong prejudice against the Negro, but who cannot suddenly change a pattern of thinking that is a product of a century of custom and habit. Seeing a Negro and white child sit side by side in a schoolroom to them is as great a shock as would be seeing children sit down in class naked. It just hasn't been that way in the past. And the position of these Texans should be understood.

The significant thing, however, is that more than 60 schools *have* desegregated, completely or partially, and that unless organized resistance grows sharply, a big majority of Texas schools can be expected to fall in line with the Supreme Court decision by September, 1956.

But—that organized resistance may come, through the activity of Citizens Council. Undoubtedly a number of schools that would have begun desegregation held off when Citizens Councils started its campaign coinciding with statements by one or two high officials casting doubt on the legality of desegregation under Texas Law. More schools may decide to postpone action if this movement spreads.

Guiding spirit of the Texas Citizens Councils is Dr. B. E. Masters, president emeritus of the Kilgore (Texas) Junior College and for a quarter of a century a Baptist Church deacon.

Dr. Masters, now retired, goes to towns and cities making impassioned pleas against "mongrelization" of the white race, which he presents as the chosen of God. He quotes at length from the Bible (the "segregation" of Adam's sons) and develops a strange interpretation of history in support of racial purity.

"India—" he shouts, "once a great race . . . tall, blond people. But they mixed with Negroes and look at them today. A thousand

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American soldiers could whip them.

"Spain—once a great nation. But they were invaded by the Moors, a sort of Negro people. Not much account today."

By constantly harping on the horrors of "mongrelization," Dr. Masters injects the most powerful sex phobias into race relations. Emotions reach a high pitch at some meetings.

Economic pressure is the admitted weapon of this Ku Klux Klan, new style, although the dreadful threat of violence lurks always in the background. After Dr. Masters organized the first local council in Kilgore, several Negroes who signed desegregation petitions were threatened with loss of their jobs. In La Grange, Texas, some were actually fired.

A strange lot frequent meetings. Many look to be people hunting excitement of any kind to vary a flat life, people dispossessed from a rural culture trying to find something to which they can belong.

My prediction is that this organization will be defeated, and there are indications on every hand.

There is the work of the Texas Commission on Race Relations, whose members are conscientious men and women, church workers, educators, businessmen, some of whom have fought for better race relations since the days when the Ku Klux Klan renewed operations in the 1920s. Its parent body, the Southern Regional Council, is a voluntary organization of Southerners of both races, much of whose operation is being financed by grants from the Ford Foundation.

In every community where a Citizens Council has been formed, we of the Commission have been able to find responsible, courageous people from all walks of life to form a local committee on race relations.

Too, there are the churches, most of which have programs of race relations. Typical of their actions was that of the young pastor, Rev. Alfred Ellis, who stood up in his pulpit at Kilgore soon after a Citizens Council was formed there and denounced the Scripture-based arguments for segregation. "Don't put words in the mouth of God," he warned.

The vast majority of pastors in Texas have been firm in urging an end to segregation.

There is the courageous little weekly newspaper, *The Texas Observer*, whose young editor, Ronnie Dugger, reports accurately all that is said at Citizens Councils meetings. And that is the quickest way to kill such movements.

Hundreds of other Texas newspapers take the same enlightened point of view. So those two great forces, press and pulpit, stand against the Citizens Councils.

There is also the fact that businessmen such as Jerome Crossman, President of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, will help form and then lead the Dallas Citizens Inter-Racial Association to preserve harmony during change.

There is the unexpected lift from revelation of racial good will among citizens at large. For example, my neighbor, an elderly building superintendent, called on me recently.

"I want to congratulate you for

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your stand on race relations," he said. "I know what prejudice is. I was born in Mississippi and we were poor—so poor we had to go live on a plantation with my Uncle Jim and Aunt Dicey.

"They tried to teach us to hate the Negro, but I couldn't do it. I said to Uncle Jim, 'How can you say Negroes are no good when you say Aunt Cally is the best cook in the county and you say no one can shoe a horse or mule like Clem?' He whipped me for asking those questions, but he couldn't make me hate the Negroes. And, you know, it was Aunt Cally that taught me to pray. Nobody else did."

There is the fact that the State Board of Education, disregarding the opinion of the governor, ruled that state funds should go to all schools, including desegregated ones.

There is the fact that in every community, no matter how threatening the atmosphere, some quiet, dignified, courageous Negro emerges as leader of his people and stands firm.

No honest person could argue that all feelings of prejudice against the Negro will end suddenly in Texas. They may exist for generations. But Texas today is beginning to eliminate segregation in her schools, the most important single step toward a goal of solidarity and happiness for our people, regardless of race or color.

Citizens Councils may delay that program, but nothing will stop it.

Texas has an opportunity here to demonstrate leadership in the South. I believe she will. Which makes me wish that some of those great men of Texas in its formative days were on hand to lend leadership. They were in the vanguard of progress in their day—I'm sure they would be in the same place today.

To the Point

ON HIS 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, Henry Ford was asked his formula for a successful married life. He replied that it was the same formula that made his automobile successful—"Stick to one model."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

HANS VON BULOW, the famed pianist, was always irritated by the super-abundance of applause and the inconsiderate demands for encores after a concert. On one occasion he became so vexed by the continuous applause that he came to the edge of the stage and said sharply, "If you do not stop this ridiculous applause, I will play all of Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues from beginning to end without interruption."

It worked. (The audience knew that he could carry out his threat.)

—LEWIS C. HENRY, *Humorous Anecdotes About Famous People*, (Garden City Publ. Co.)

THE TRAFFIC OFFICER at a busy intersection in Toronto was annoyed at the failure of a motorist to start off promptly at the green light. "Get on, there," he called. "It's not going to get any greener."

—FRANCES M. KELLY

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ARLENE FRANCIS:
The Lady Is a Wit

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

TV's famous femcee is successful because she's afraid of being unloved

BACK IN 1939, Arlene Francis, now first lady of television, played a hunch. A star in radio then, she got to thinking how much nicer it would be if she could say some of the warm, witty things that kept coming into her head during a broadcast, instead of what somebody else had written for her.

One night, on her show *What's My Name?* she threw away the script. The control room tore its hair but Arlene's audience, in the studio and at home, loved it. So did Arlene.

The gesture made her the first true "femcee"—or female master of ceremonies—in the electronics era. This milestone, of course, did her no harm when television came in. But other effects followed from that declaration of independence which are more helpful in finding the key to her present success.

She herself has said it satisfied a deep need she feels to project herself intimately into the hearts and

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minds of other people, without any help or interference from a script. But far deeper is her subconscious need for love from them in return.

Nowadays, it's hard to think of any reason why she shouldn't be able to get it. She is five feet six inches tall, with the figure of a 23-year-old, fine Grecian features and golden skin. Her big eyes are brown. Her hair is thick, the color of fresh taffy. When she shakes hands, her touch is tender and clinging.

Yet underneath the warm *all-yours* smile, the throaty voice and smooth sophisticated delivery, Arlene is just a little girl from Boston who is scared to death that you won't like her.

THIS MAY BE HARD to believe in a mature woman whose television shows span the entire week except Saturday. But there was a time not long ago when she had become so dizzy with the success of saying whatever popped into her head while on the air, that people began to wonder if she were really as pleasant as she had seemed at the start.

Born with a gift for the wisecrack, Arlene had for a while been delighted with the response it got. People seemed to enjoy the show more when she made them laugh unexpectedly. To improve this situation, she began to sharpen her wisecracks.

But anything with an edge is bound to cut. And soon, somehow, success started to slip away.

John O'Hara, the novelist, openly roasted her for seeming to have fun at the expense of soldier guests on her show *Blind Date*. It made her think. As a girl in convent school, she had been haunted by the feeling that because of her Armenian ancestry she was a misfit. She could remember lying awake trying to think of ways to make the other girls like her. Now, where she had thought her talents were winning the love she yearned for, she was actually arousing dislike.

From this, a new Arlene emerged, mellower of wit and kindlier, and audiences warmed to her again.

About that time, the National Broadcasting Company began looking for a rather unusual type of female to handle their new *Home* show, an hour-long, five-days-a-week morning telecast beamed at women in the home.

The woman they sought had to have a sweet, wholesome manner, and look as if she delighted in being a woman. She had to know enough about domestic skills to be a help to her viewers, yet avoid offending with an air of too great authority. She had to be pretty, but not so flawlessly beautiful as to turn women with their hair still in curlers against her. She must be never at a loss for words, be able to give her words a mildly amusing twist, and be relaxed enough to make them believable.

The reconstructed Arlene Francis seemed made for this, but she wasn't interested. However, after some 30 actresses had tried unsuccessfully for the assignment, friends persuaded her to give it a whirl. Arlene felt she didn't have a chance, so at the preliminary luncheon interview she devoted herself to enjoyment of the meal and amiable

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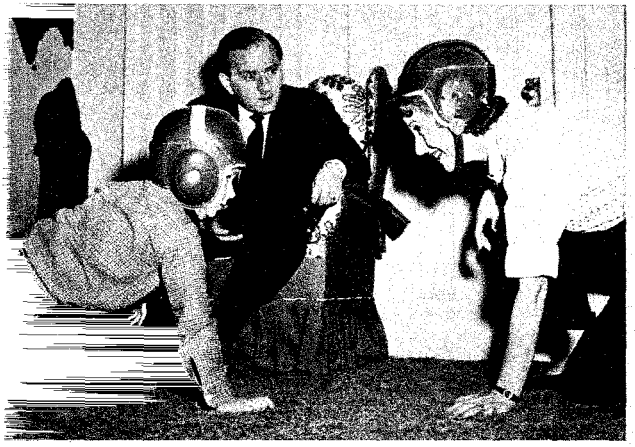

Toeing the line is a strict must in busy Arlene's home life; family leisure is a matter of catch-as-catch-can. Weekends become a dizzy round of zoos, museums, movies and trips to the country with her 9-year-old son Peter and her husband, actor-producer Martin Gabel.

conversation. Her casual chatter and easy laughter won her the job.

She already had two other TV chores—Sunday night panelist on *What's My Line?* and Thursday night star of *Talent Patrol.*

The new show not only gave her a third network, but also provided something unique in television: A specially-built circular stage costing $250,000, with every imaginable gadget to help sell anything at all for the home. Included are devices to make snow, hail or rain; to hoist sofas into mid-air for inspection from below; to flip heavy rugs around like tissue paper.

Thus equipped, inside of two years she built a *Home* audience of 3,000,000 women in 101 cities. The show pulls nearly 5,000 letters a week, 500 phone calls a day.

Yet this is the woman who, pregnant when TV came into its own, sobbed to her agent that she'd never get a foothold in it. She'd been doing all right for years, of course. Radio, movies and the legitimate theater brought her an annual income in the six-figure bracket. But TV looked like the chance of a lifetime that would slip by.

Arlene hasn't retired her old hedge-clipper tongue entirely. If she trips over cables or something, she'll let fly. But today she isn't cussing *at* anybody.

This particular talent, which her public may suspect but is never exposed to, stems from her early discovery that men are secretly attracted to a woman who, once in a while, can use their language without embarrassment. She rediscovered this once on *What's My Name?*

She was acting out Fannie Hurst. When it was guessed right on the first try, Arlene was so surprised she gasped, "Oh my God, you're right!"

Then, realizing what she had said, she put her hand to her mouth and said even louder, "Oh my God! I can't say *Oh my God* on the air!" The audience went into stitches.

As guest on the TV show *This Is*

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Show Business, designed to help actors solve their problems, Arlene once put her foot in it even more memorably. Voluptuous Joan Diener of *Kismet* was complaining about her dilemma, which was: How to get enough sleep and at the same time stay out late with producers and agents who could help her career.

"As I see it, Joan," said Arlene brightly, "what you have is *two* problems." It broke up the show.

Her TV aplomb is of the same mildly kidding caliber these days, producing chuckles instead of raked egos. Travels with the *Home* show for out-of-town telecasts have given her ample chance to prove that the poise goes deep.

After a jouncing camel ride at the Bronx Zoo, she openly rubbed her ache and remarked, "That's the last date I'll have with *that* dromedary." At Seattle, Washington, she staggered ashore from a 125-mph speedboat ride and croaked to delighted viewers, "Sure makes a girl yearn to cross the continent in a covered wagon."

In her forties but still an unvarying 125-pounder, Arlene is a rare-steak-and-tossed-salad fan. She drinks Scotch in moderation, but never before a performance.

To provide five-and-one-half hours of smooth, sparkling TV entertainment each week, Arlene prepares and rehearses for better than 40 hours more. Unlike some television personalities, she does not "save it for the show."

There are as many laughs during the rehearsal and pre-broadcast run-through as on the shows themselves—more, in fact, because Arlene has a knack for turning work into fun. When a snag develops, or there's a clash of viewpoints, Arlene can be counted on to clear the air with a gag.

Her day begins at seven and she's usually in bed around ten. If she's had less than eight hours' sleep, she's found, the cameras are quick to betray it.

Since her husband, actor-producer Martin Gabel, studies new scripts all day and talks all night over coffee, Arlene won't see him till dinner, which may be an Armenian dish she cooks herself. She breakfasts with Peter, her 9-year-old son, who is the center of weekend activities which Arlene and her husband invariably share. Sometimes, if Peter has a date with neighborhood friends, Arlene and Martin go to one of the New York racetracks where she bets modestly and yells loud. But more often it's a zoo trip or museum visit with Peter, or a movie they all want to see.

ARLENE was born Arline Francis Kazanjian in Boston, the only child of Leah and Aram Kazanjian. Her father is a distinguished portrait photographer. Probably her maternal grandfather, a Shakespearian actor, was responsible for her being stagestruck. He used to make her recite by the hour, and she has never gotten over the glow that his applause generated.

Her father, however, placed her in the Academy of Mount Saint Vincent at Riverdale, New York, to see if the Catholic nuns could drill some sense into his Armenian-Gre-

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gorian Church daughter. But, by graduation, the nuns had been converted to Arlene's opinion of her own dramatic gifts and openly sided with her.

After a year at the Finch Finishing School in New York and a tour of Europe, she changed the spelling of her first name to Arlene, dropped the family name and went looking for a job in radio. Work on daytime serials followed and then, in 1936, the stage, which is still her first love. Much of her husband's script-reading is devoted to finding that "one smash hit" she lives for.

Hollywood was a brief interlude, best forgotten. She made only two films, and when her father saw a poster of the first (*Murders in the Rue Morgue*, with Arlene a prostitute) he wired: "Have just seen you half-naked on Broadway. Come home." She did.

During World War II, Arlene pleased countless men in the armed forces with her willingness to go anywhere to entertain them. For this the WACs made her an honorary sergeant, proudest of the many awards that decorate her library. But one man she somehow failed to please, her first husband, Neil Agnew. A year after she divorced him, she married Martin Gabel.

They had met on a daytime radio serial and fallen in love when both were in the cast of Orson Welles' Mercury Theater production of *Danton's Death*. Their parts called for them to be shot onstage via elevator from the basement, and in commenting on this today Arlene shows that, while she may have mellowed her gags somewhat for television, the old zip is still there.

"With all that waiting in the basement," she chuckles reminiscently, "you get to know a man pretty well."

Read at Your Own Risque

FROM THE SOCIETY PAGE in the Los Angeles *Daily News:* "Mr. and Mrs. Morris broke the record for bedded bliss when they celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary recently."

HEDDA HOPPER, reporting in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:* "Kathryn Grayson had better start seducing if she hopes to wear that wedding dress she had fitted a couple of months ago."

FROM A *Brooklyn Eagle* society page: "Mr. and Mrs. —— announced the betrayal of their daughter, Doris, to ——"

EXCERPT FROM A MOVIE REVIEW in the Dubuque, Iowa, *Telegraph-Herald:* "Eleanor Parker plays opposite him in this birth-provoking adventure in modern marriage."

FROM A NEWS COLUMN in the Fairmont, Minnesota, *Sentinel:* "Mr. and Mrs. —— left Wednesday for Rochester, where Mrs. —— expects to have a garter removed by the Mayo brothers."

—PETE SIMER

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In pre-dawn darkness, their black fins glistening in the glare of searchlights, whales struggle fiercely for survival in the icy North Atlantic. Relentless men

WHALE

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of the Faroe Islands tug at their oars in swift pursuit, harpoon-herding the mammoth sea beasts toward the shallow waters of the harbor—the point of no return

HUNT

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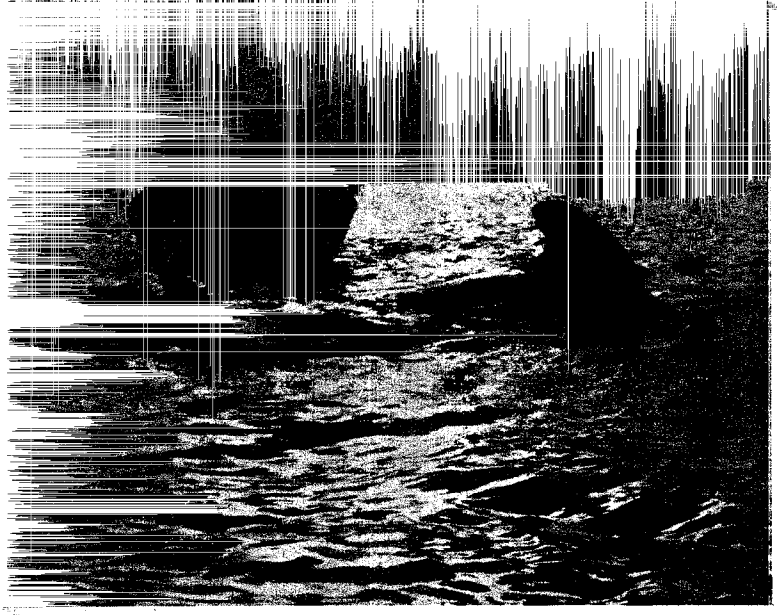

Black whales—which weigh three to four tons full-grown and run nearly 30 feet long—frequently surface for air. Driven into shallow waters, they bellow noisily, for there they are easy prey.

FROM THE BEGINNING of time, man has gone to sea . . . for food, for adventure, and to feel the pleasant sting of salt spray on his face. Like their Viking forefathers, the men of the Faroe Islands—a Denmark-owned series of craggy cliffs jutting into the North Atlantic, between Iceland and Norway—hunt blackfish whales in open boats, with harpoons and knives. A dozen times a year, they watch silently for the shiny black fins to shoot torpedo-like out of the water. A quick, soft signal and boats converge to drive the whales into fjords for the kill. The Faroese need the meat for their table and the oil for their lamps; to them, whale hunting is a routine affair. But to the spectator, this sweaty herding operation is strikingly reminiscent of a Western cattle roundup, conducted here in a marine locale.

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The battle, always to the death,
demands the utmost in courage
of man and beast

Muscular but agile whaler crashes harpoon into the back of whale's neck, aiming for kill with single spear thrust. But blow only wounds the whale; now the men pull it towards the boat with harpoons and use a knife for the *coup de grâce*.

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An aura of over-encompassing tragedy hangs over the graveyard of these still monsters, their glossy black carcasses beached in a sea of blood. Blackfish are often called pilot whales, because they travel in schools of hundreds and will follow a leader blindly, even to certain death. Townspeople halt all activity to haul in the catch, for everyone shares in the precious winter meat, even non-hunters.

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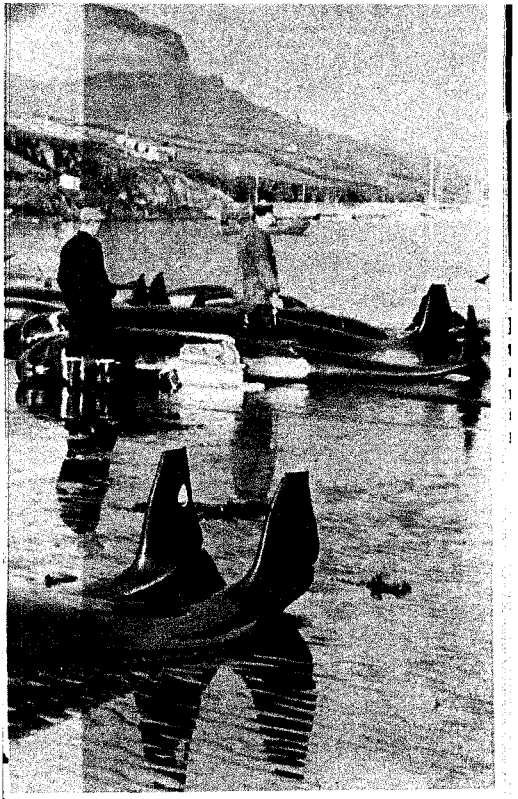

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And, after the hunt, rejoicing . . .

The dangers of the fight behind them, the rugged Faroese celebrate another successful hunt with lusty Norse songs. Preserved from generation to generation, these tunes recount exploits of fearless whale hunters. A number of whales are put aside to be sold for a community fund to repair damaged boats and weapons. One-third of the islanders earn a living directly from the sea. Faroese boys, it is said, are born with an oar in one hand and a pocketknife in the other.

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I Found a Voice in the Wilderness

Alone, with only his dog, he fought a desperate battle to regain his lost speech

by TRUMAN S. WATERMAN
As told to FRANK CAMERON

THE HOT SUN of Southern California beat down on me and the pup. Alone out there in the desert, I was trying to teach my new chow the first simple steps in obedience training.

"Come here, Ming!" My mind shaped the command. My will urged it to be spoken. But out of my mouth came only a feeble, belching sound.

Ming sat on the sand a few paces away, her head cocked in bewilderment, trying to understand. The trouble was not with her; it was with me.

"Come!" I tried again to say it, patting the ground at the same time.

The sound I made was still like nothing Ming had ever heard before. But she came eagerly in response to the gesture, her tail wagging, and licked my hand.

"Now, sit!" Again words took shape on my lips but all that came out was an incoherent moan.

It went on this way all that first

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morning, and the more frantic my efforts became, the more grotesque were the sounds.

With each failure, I was tempted to give up; but there would be Ming, waiting willingly to try again. Never mind that I wasn't teaching her. She was teaching me, patience and perseverance. I would need all I could muster of both if I were to turn the idiot noises that came from my lips into intelligible speech. For two months before, an operation for cancer of the larynx had sealed off my throat from my lungs forever.

That operation was in 1953. Since then I have been a laryngectomee, one of thousands in the U. S.

The surgical removal of my voice box had been a sudden, frightening thing. Take an arm or an eye or a kidney, and there's still another one left. Take a larynx, and thoughts die on silent lips.

For me it was added torture because I was a 58-year-old lawyer, and my voice was my living. I had used it for as long as six consecutive hours before juries in San Carlos, California, where I then lived. I had used it as commander of my American Legion Post, as a drill sergeant during World War I. I had used it in what has been my hobby for over 40 years—training dogs.

IT ALL BEGAN with a business trip to New York. I had left with what I thought was a slight case of laryngitis. On arrival in New York, my throat and neck were so painful that I consulted a specialist who recommended I go immediately to Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. There a tissue specimen from my throat showed what I dreaded: cancer.

I called my eldest son who lives in New Jersey and told him I was to be operated on. "No use worrying Mother about it," I said. "Time enough to tell her when it's all over. I wanted you to know—just in case."

As I hung up, the terrible thought struck me that that was the last time I might speak to him. A compulsive urge came over me to talk as much as I could in a desperate attempt to keep each word from being the last.

It required five hours of delicate surgery to remove the larynx and the cancerous cells in the area. To compensate for sealing off my lungs from my throat, the doctors cut into my windpipe, which was brought out to the skin, and then sewed it into an opening made in my neck. Through this "stoma," as it is called, I will have to breathe for the rest of my life. It is covered with a gauze sponge which conceals the opening.

When I finally came to after the operation, my first visitor was my wife. My son had phoned her and Ann had taken a plane at once.

Now that she was with me, I was grateful and relieved. But when I tried to tell her so, my lips formed the words but no sound came out. Even a simple "hello" was an utter impossibility. It was my first shocking experience as a laryngectomee.

On the eleventh day after the operation, I was strong enough to attend, briefly, a speech class offered by the hospital and taught by another laryngectomee. He ex-

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plained how all air, in entering and leaving the lungs through the stoma, now by-passed the throat and mouth where words were once produced.

Since this operation has been successfully performed, three substitutes for natural speech have been developed. One is esophageal speech. By this method you swallow air—as though it were food—into the gullet (or esophagus), and force it back out into the mouth where it can be formed into words.

The other two methods by which artificial speech may be reproduced are reed larynx and electrolarynx. These involve mechanisms other than those in the body.

I attended the speech classes just long enough to grasp the fundamentals and could even make a few grotesque sounds. The esophageal method is much harder to master than I realized at that point, but the knowledge that it was usable at least gave me hope.

Back home again in California, I *had* to learn to speak, and I could only do it by constant practice. Besides, I became afraid to leave the house alone because I might have to speak to strangers. Laryngectomees are often taken for idiots, I discovered.

Finally, I determined to lick my problem in my own way. It was then that I bought lovable little Ming and we left, alone, for Desert Hot Springs near the Joshua Tree National Monument. There in the desert our training began.

On the first two mornings, I accomplished little. On the third, I gave a command—and distinctly said, "Come!" Trembling, I repeated the word.

Ming responded. Finally I omitted the gesture and she obeyed the word alone.

That was the first round. Together we had won it.

The next day I threw a stick and said, "Fetch!" To my surprise and delight, the word rang true.

Ming was soon frisking about, fetching and returning the stick with obvious pleasure.

Then I tried "Heel!" This was a real test because the "h" sound is very hard for a laryngectomee to project. It left Ming baffled. She looked for a stick. She sat expectantly. Finally I got the "heel" out, wheezy but distinct.

To vary my training, I tried counting my steps out loud. Up to ten, the numbers came easily, but I had to sweat when they ran into more than one syllable. However, even these succumbed to practice.

Then I began to try to work expression into my strange, budding voice. But this turned bitter one day when I pretended I was once again the practicing lawyer in San Francisco. I had reckoned without having perfected this trick of esophageal speech: Laryngectomees must learn to match their words and phrases to each expostulation of air. If not, they foul up and a kind of panic takes over, blocking the control processes.

On this morning I stood before a Joshua tree as though I were before a judge.

"Your Honor—" I began, but lost control over the difficult "h" sound in trying to crowd both words

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into a single breath. In panic, I worked all the harder, angry at my own fumbling efforts. But no sounds came at all.

Furiously, I picked up a piece of mesquite and threw it as hard as I could. It was simply an act to relieve my feelings, but Ming was off like a shot. Then she stopped short and returned sheepishly, apparently aware there had been no command to "Fetch!" She had learned her lesson better than I had learned mine.

Slowly the anger left me. "Good girl, Ming!" I spoke the words with such heartfelt meaning that the sounds came out without difficulty. My control returned.

From that point on, progress was so encouraging that at the end of the fifth week I was convinced I could take my place as a vocal, if somewhat hoarse and halting, member of society.

Ann, meanwhile, had learned of the Lost Chord Club in San Francisco. This is an organization of Northern California laryngectomees, and when I returned home I joined at once. There are many similar groups in this country and Canada whose members help themselves to regain speech by helping others.

Being a veteran, I decided to concentrate my efforts on the laryngectomees at the U. S. Veterans' Hospital in San Francisco. From the practice I got there I knew that I was ready for the supreme test.

I actively resumed my law practice, and the day finally came when I stood up in court, ready to offer my opening statement in a non-jury case. Fighting back the tension, I took several deep breaths to regulate the rhythm of my speech and then opened my mouth to speak.

For a dreadful interval, there was silence.

"Is counsel ready?" asked the judge.

The moment had come now. There was no holding back. In one triumphant breath and without faltering, I began, "Yes, your Honor!" I spoke the words clearly, and the walls of Jericho I'd so long feared at last came tumbling down.

About the House

THESE DAYS the hand that rocks the cradle collects 75 cents an hour. —JOHN P. MCKNIGHT

FREE SPEECH seems to be most practiced by guests who use your telephone. —*Trion Facts*

SOMETHING ELSE the historians haven't explained is what interrupted a bath before the telephone was invented. —*Cincinnati Enquirer*

THE PERSONS hardest to convince they are of retirement age are the children at bedtime. —*Pipe Dreams*

ANY HOUSEWIFE will tell you that the most difficult meal for her to get is breakfast in bed. —HOWARD HAYNES (Industrial Press Service)

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Advertisement

Americans on the MOVE

20% of all families will change addresses this year —here's how to be happy though moving!

If yours is an average household, you've either moved to another home within the last four years or will do so this year. Census figures show that nearly one-fifth of all American families relocate each year. And the percentage is rising.

We have become a nation of nomads for many causes, chiefly economic. Better jobs beckon elsewhere. The breadwinner is transferred by his firm. Men retire and seek another climate. Whatever the reason, moving day will come this month for an estimated 780,000 families. And it could happen to you.

So—it's wise to be prepared. Thanks to safe, efficient specialists like North American Van Lines, even a coast-to-coast or overseas move can now be arranged without work or worry. The following pages can save you many headaches and dollars when *you* are on the move!

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The "A-B-C-D" of a HAPPY MOVE:

A *Select a safe, dependable moving organization . . .*
B *Prepare thoroughly in advance, with their help . . .*
C *Leave the work and worry to them on "M-Day" and . . .*
D *Get settled promptly—use their "Follow-Thru" service.*

A. CHOOSING THE RIGHT MOVER

Be as careful in selecting your moving firm as you were in buying the precious belongings you will trust to their care ! All movers are not alike. They vary in skill, equipment, financial responsibility, service. Here are some points to help you decide right.

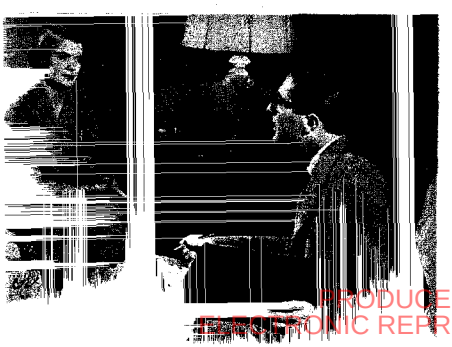
BUSINESS STANDING. Is the firm you're considering well regarded by local banks and businessmen? You can find out by making a few inquiries. For example, North American Van Lines is rated AAA-1 by Dun & Bradstreet.

CARE AND COURTESY. Are families who have used the firm pleased with results? Any reliable mover will gladly give you names of customers to check.

VAN LINES AFFILIATION. What long distance moving organization does the firm represent? Only a few van lines can move household goods to any state or to Canada. One, North American, gives complete world-wide service via land, sea, air. North American is the leader, with more agents in more cities than any other van line, assuring personal service throughout your move.

BEWARE OF LOW ESTIMATE. An estimate can differ from the final charge which must be based on lawfully filed rates, so it is important that you get a reliable estimate. The firm that deliberately bids low is only misleading you, as you will learn when you get the bill.

Another caution: avoid the "do-it-yourself" pitfall. Moving fine furniture, delicate china, costly appliances across country is a job for *professionals*. Get the best moving service—you'll be money ahead !



"DON'T MOVE IN THE DARK!" warns Leading Business Association

"Be sure you are dealing with a reliable company," says one of nation's leading business associations. A copy of their helpful bulletin will be sent on request —see page 76.

A trained North American representative will call on request to explain the many superior features of NAVL service.

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B. Getting Ready for Moving

Advance preparation makes any move easier. Your mover, if a North American agent, will help in many ways. For example, since moving charges are based on weight, he can advise you on selling heavy articles which are outworn or of little value—such as an old range—and buying new on arrival. As soon as you know your moving date, he can arrange through NAVL's nation-wide dispatching network to have a van ready. He can also answer your questions about "declared value" protection, packing, and storage. Make him your "moving counselor."

Before the move, this North American representative is making a complete inventory of all possessions, noting exact condition of each item. You get a copy of this inventory, to be checked on arrival.

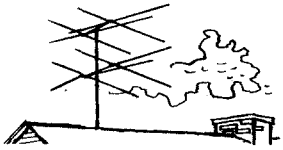
THINGS TO DO BEFORE THE MOVERS COME

Stop all utilities—electricity, gas, water, telephone.

Notify Post Office and magazines of new address.

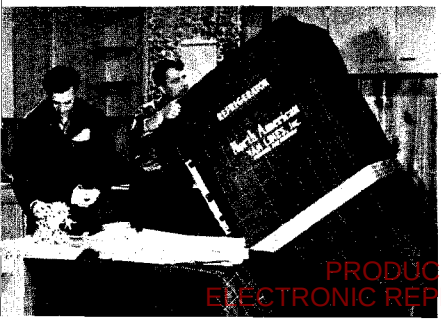
Inform all insurance companies of your new address.

Have serviceman prepare appliances for safe moving.



Arrange to have TV aerial taken down and packed.

Get records for transfer from school, church, bank.



YOUR BIGGEST PRE-MOVING AID is North American Van Lines scientific packing service. Delicate china and glass are cushioned in double-strength containers; records and other fragile items in sturdy cartons. Mirrors, pictures, books all receive special care. North American packers cradle each precious article in custom containers for a safe journey, giving you complete peace of mind.

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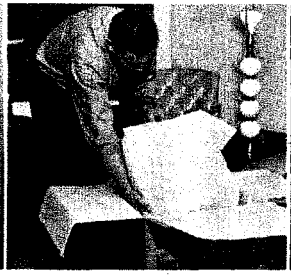
c. Relaxing on "M-DAY"

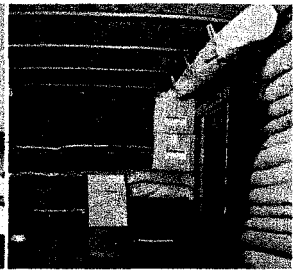
MOVING DAY will be like the start of a holiday, when you move by North American. You can just pack a bag, leave everything to the trained, courteous NAVL men, and away you go. Here are some of the things you'd see if you *did* stay while they loaded the big, modern North American van . . . a few of the reasons why North American Van Lines is known as the "Wife-Approved" moving service.

The first step—runners rolled out to protect floor coverings; bannisters, stairs also covered. And your new home will be safeguarded the same way!

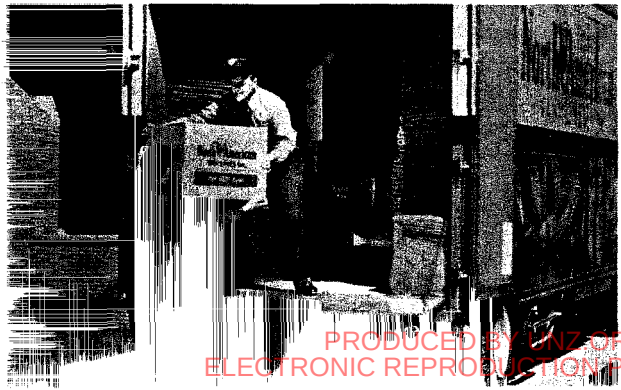
Quilted custom covers guard TV set, furniture, all appliances.



Drapes and lamps go into clean, sturdy cartons, sealed from dust.



Rugs are rolled, then slung in top of van to avoid crushing en route.



Your treasured possessions will be snugly loaded into a modern North American van, designed especially for safe, long-distance hauling. This van contains more than $1000 worth of protective coverings and furniture handling equipment. Your shipment stays with the same driver and van to its destination—no transfers.

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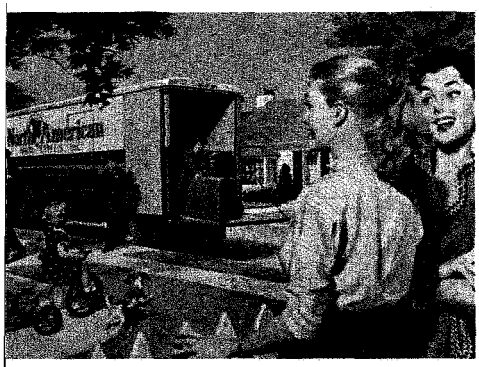
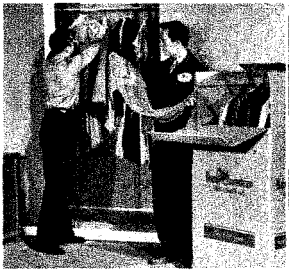
D. Settling in the New Home



When the big cream-and-maroon NAVL van comes, your new neighbors will know you've moved "first class!"

Arriving promptly—*as promised*—is a North American tradition. If you tell the driver where you can be reached, he'll phone ahead giving exact arrival time. With complete packing service, everything is unpacked and placed just where you want it. Rugs are laid, beds set up, your new home made livable . . . with no fuss or bother to you. You can even have a housewarming party that night if you like!



Dustproof wardrobes keep clothes spotless, pressed, ready to wear.

Dishes, kitchenware put away; all packing debris removed.

Finally, check and sign your inventory. Another happy NAVL move!

One Good Move Deserves Another

Families who have moved by North American Van Lines are a prolific source of future orders. Here are two recent examples.

L. W. Ashwell, a Civil Aeronautics official, was recently moved from Maryland to California—his eighth consecutive NAVL move! He's a real North American booster.

Mrs. Ivan T. O'Brien, Billings, Montana, writes: "We have moved 15 times in recent years. Many of these moves were handled by North American Van Lines, the service we prefer. We have never had a claim against your company."

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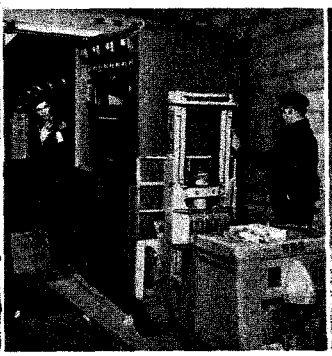
Industry now shipping many products, displays by van

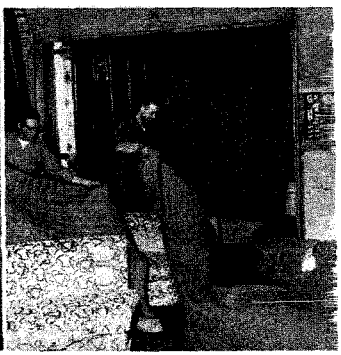
NORTH AMERICAN OFFERS SPECIALIZED SERVICES

Alert executives are constantly seeking ways to reduce costs by saving time and labor. That's why they use quicker, safer padded van service for shipping a wide variety of products *without crating.*

The same efficient service that transports fragile dishes and other household goods across the nation also hauls trade-show displays . . . delicate precision products . . . new furniture, fixtures and appliances, all *without crating,* via North American vans.

Many corporations—including most of the biggest in Industry—use North American to handle "problem shipments." Call your local NAVL agent for information on these specialized services:





(1) EXHIBIT DISPLAYS travel door-to-door without crating or local drayage, the North American way. Expert service frees your personnel for selling. The ONLY van line with special display-moving department is NAVL—a boon in meeting tight schedules, holding down exhibit overhead.

(2) PRECISION PRODUCTS such as electronic devices, laboratory equipment, business machines, TV transmitters, now amazingly easy and safe to ship in NAVL padded vans. No dismantling needed on most shipments—big saving on reassembly expense alone. Cuts rejections, claims.

(3) NEW FURNISHINGS furniture, fixtures, appliances for homes, offices, stores, institutions, go uncrated in NAVL-Creston Division vans. Direct delivery from manufacturer to wholesaler, retailer, user. Warehouses in every city. Latest equipment, trained personnel. Ask your NAVL agent.

North American also serves Industry with "Wife-Approved" Moves of Transferred Personnel • Office and Store Moving • Modern Storage Facilities Everywhere.

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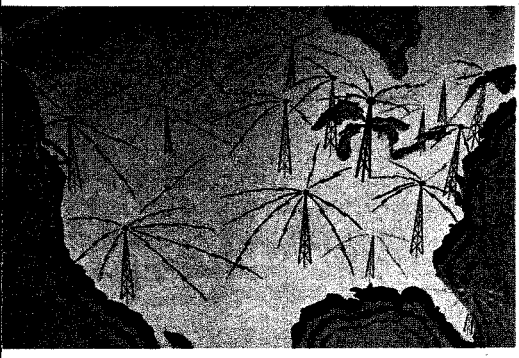
WHERE IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT TO MOVE?

NAVL Service Spans the Globe!



Network of dispatching offices and leased-wire service, plus over 1100 agents in U.S., Canada, assures prompt pickup and delivery on NAVL moves.

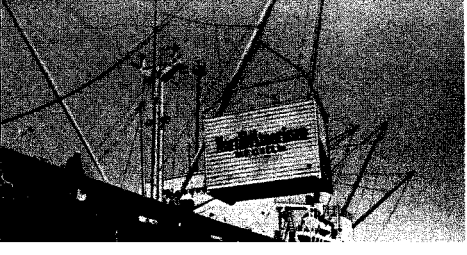
A North American van on the Alaskan Highway. NAVL offers fast, overland moving service to Alaska.

A few years ago all moving, even to a nearby town, was fraught with worry and uncertainty. Today, North American Van Lines and its 1,100 local agents can transport your belongings virtually anywhere in the world easily, quickly, safely.

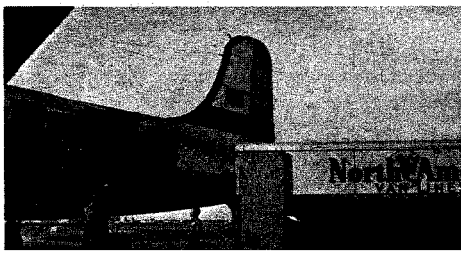
Transoceanic moves are a rarity of course. But it stands to reason that if NAVL can carry household treasures safely across the Atlantic, it can do a superior job across the continent.

The same progressive spirit that pioneered so many "firsts" in long-distance moving is at your beck and call. Just phone your local North American Van Lines agent. He's listed in your phone directory under "Movers." You'll be glad you did!

NAVL Ocean Van being loaded aboard ship. Now household goods may be safely moved anywhere via NAVL.



Air Van service to Europe, Latin America, West Indies—another NAVL feature for families and business firms.



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Be sure your move is "Wife-Approved" . . . call your North American Agent!

You're sure of quality and value when you buy brand-name products. In moving, North American Van Lines offers the same assurance—a service so fine it has made us famous as the *"Wife-Approved"* movers. This includes: Personal *"Follow-Thru"* Service Everywhere—more agents in more cities than any other van line. • Expert Packing; special containers for every type of article. • Custom Covers for appliances, fine furniture. • 1500 Clean, Modern Vans; company-trained drivers. • Nation-wide Dispatching Network—prompt pickup, delivery. • America's Safest Movers: winners, ATA National Safety Award.

Mrs. C. E. Morgan, Nashville, Tennessee
—another of the thousands of wives who approve North American service. Her household goods were moved safely from Parkersburg, W. Va. to Nashville by Hannan Transfer, NAVL agents in Parkersburg.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR MOVING INFORMATION

NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES, Inc.
World Headquarters: Fort Wayne 1, Indiana
NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES, CANADA, LTD., Toronto, Ontario

North American Van Lines, Inc.
Dept. C56, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana

Please send me, without obligation, the following FREE material and name of my nearest North American agent.

☐ **"Don't Move in the Dark" booklet on Moving and Storage.**
☐ **Helpful booklet on long-distance moving.**

My firm is interested in moving:
☐ **Transferred Personnel;** ☐ **Exhibit Displays;**
☐ **Precision Products;** ☐ **Uncrated New Furnishings.**

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ **ZONE**____ **STATE**_____

"WIFE-APPROVED" MOVES
North American VAN LINES, INC.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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When Sex Causes Divorce

by John Kord Lagemann

AN EXPERT ON MARRIAGE PROBLEMS SEARCHINGLY ANALYZES A DANGEROUS SITUATION

Sam smashed a vase on the living-room floor and called Amy a bad name. From the bedroom, Amy shied a slipper in Sam's direction and called him a worse name. Both rushed to pursue the attack—and collided in the doorway.

Instead of another flare-up of anger, something else flared up. Amy felt Sam's arms tighten around her and she hugged him back hard. An hour later they couldn't imagine how they could ever have been mad at each other.

If you happen to be happily married, you've probably experienced many times the power of sex to dissipate the tensions and irritations of living together. As long as a husband and wife enjoy a mutually satisfying sex life, they're apt to get along well enough in other ways.

But for many couples sex just doesn't work out that way. Instead of heading off trouble, it seems to aggravate differences not only about sex but about children, friends, money and every other aspect of married life. There is impressive evidence that sexual failure, often in hidden forms, is the critical factor in breaking up most of the 400,000 marriages in the U.S. which end in divorce each year.

The causes of sexual conflict can always be traced back to one of three easily recognizable sources, says Dr. Abraham Stone, outstanding marriage counselor and head of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau. These sources of conflict are to be found within

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the personality make-up of the individual husband or wife, in the marriage relationship, or in external circumstances.

Donald and Laura's marriage difficulties, for instance, clearly traced back to a personality problem. Donald, who continued to live with his widowed mother after graduating from college, had never been interested in girls until he met Laura, a shy and rather plain-looking girl.

For several months they had sexual relations. Then, under pressure from Laura, they "eloped." After their marriage, Donald became completely impotent with his wife, but discovered that he could still have sexual relations with other women.

Psychiatric treatment showed Donald's trouble was his failure to outgrow emotional dependence on a domineering and over-possessive mother. For him, sex was permissible with anyone who could not demand of him the kind of love reserved for his mother. In becoming his wife, Laura entered a role identified in his mind with his mother, and thus sexually tabu.

IF SEX WERE purely physical there would be little cause for dissatisfaction—nor for satisfaction either. But it has become so closely associated with emotions that any serious emotional disturbance is immediately reflected in the desire and capacity for sex. With rare exceptions, the great impediments to marriage—impotence in men, frigidity in women and homosexuality in either partner—are the result of distorted personality development.

A frequent cause for unhappy marriage is the frigid wife or emotionally inhibited husband who can perform the sex act normally but who rarely permits or desires it.

In women, the psychological causes of sex frigidity have been much discussed—an over-strict upbringing, a guilt-ridden or terrifying early sex experience, fear of pregnancy, or perhaps an offensive approach on the part of her husband. But according to the well-known psychiatrist, Dr. Lena Levine, the problem of the cold or timid husband is becoming relatively more serious as our changing attitudes free women of their old inhibitions.

She states, "As little as 20 years ago doctors used to hear wives complain, 'My husband uses me too often.' Now the complaint is more apt to be, 'My husband doesn't satisfy me.' "

Men are far more sensitive than women about their sexual prowess and this makes it hard for frustrated wives to bring up the problem or get their husbands to seek help. The first step advised by Dr. Levine and other marriage counselors is to see a trusted physician.

In the majority of cases, the indifferent husband is found to have a personality problem, closely related to Donald's—that is, the feeling that sex is evil and thus not to be inflicted on "good women," in which category wives are included along with mothers, aunts and schoolteachers.

Sometimes just talking the problem over with the family doctor can relieve an inhibited husband of

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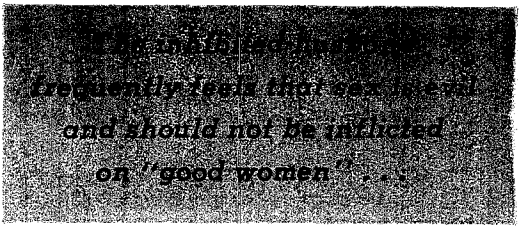
many sexual restraints. In other cases consultations with a psychiatrist or marriage counselor may be advisable.



Everybody knows men and women who show the liveliest interest in sex, yet just can't seem to achieve a happy sex life no matter whom they marry nor how often they change mates. They often fall "madly" or "hopelessly" in love —but are always "betrayed" or "disillusioned." Their only hope of solving their sex problems is to get help in straightening out the kinks in their personalities.

The Don Juan type of male, for instance, finds it almost impossible to develop a harmonious sexual relation with one woman. Instead, he is driven to make one conquest after another—psychiatrists say to allay his doubts about his masculinity. He pursues women like a hunter who tracks his prey only so long as it flees from him, but turns tail and bolts the moment it is within range.

His female counterparts are two ...ingly opposed types who share a common hostility to men. One is the nymphomaniac who tries to bankrupt men sexually by demanding more than they have to give. The other is the frigid Venus who frustrates men by giving far less than she stimulates them to demand.

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With some it may amount to no more than emotional immaturity which is eventually outgrown. Some girls enter marriage with romantic ideas of love which can't survive the reality of a consummate marriage. They enjoy the ecstasy of "falling in love" without any real interest in "making love." For them love is like a masquerade ball. When the masks come off in marriage, they are disillusioned and bitter. But with experience, most of them make a workable adjustment to reality.

The second great source of sexual conflict lies in the marriage relationship rather than in the personalities of husband and wife. Incompatibility and ignorance both fall in this category.

An important factor in sex relations is any big difference in the emotional climate of the homes where the husband and wife grew up. The product of a cold and undemonstrative home life usually finds it hard to understand and satisfy the psychological needs of a mate who comes from a warmly affectionate family background.

Even when a man and woman

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are genuinely in love, their sexual relationship may fail to bring them satisfaction because of ignorance. And the ignorance still found among married couples is astounding. Again and again the marriage counselors, ministers and doctors encounter men and women who know almost nothing about the structure or function of the sex organs—their own or their mate's.

Dr. Stone points out that the commonest failing in this regard is the husband's ignorance of the complete emotional needs of his wife. By this he means not only the physical but the affectionate consideration and appreciation of a woman's feelings.

Among many people there is a strong though often unconscious tabu which prevents a woman from telling her husband what she finds sexually pleasing.

Drs. Stone and Levine conducted a series of group discussions for men and women whose marriages were threatened by sexual maladjustments. The sense of relief experienced by wives who finally were able to acknowledge their difficulties and discuss them freely is illustrated by a young wife who said:

"It was comforting to know that other women had the same problems. Many things I thought were abnormal or out of the ordinary I find to be quite natural. Discussing them freed me from many mistaken ideas and feelings of guilt. I feel much easier now with my husband."

From a lifetime of listening to other people's marital troubles, lawyer Morris Ernst and David Loth sum up in their book, "For Better Or Worse," a discovery some wives make just in time: "What people do in the privacy of their bedrooms is their own business so long as they are not hurting anybody else. If the sexual relationship can achieve its goal of bringing husband and wife into complete harmony only when one partner hangs from the chandelier, then it is worth while to hang."

THE THIRD GREAT SOURCE of sexual conflict lies in external circumstances. Couples sometimes forget that sex reflects, as well as creates, the atmosphere of a home. Anything that continually worries, preoccupies or irritates either partner is bound to diminish the sexual readiness of both.

In a recent study of the causes of infidelity, which appeared in the American Institute of Family Relations' publication, *Family Life*, Mrs. Lucile Morrison reported that the real "third party" in trouble-making triangles is rarely recognized as such. "It may be the husband's business, a wife's profession, golf, alcohol, a sick or demanding mother, overly-indulged children or a house too large for easy care.

An interfering mother-in-law or a job which requires a husband to be away from home for long periods are other factors which complicate sex relations. Another little-recognized potential sex conflict is the wife's pregnancy.

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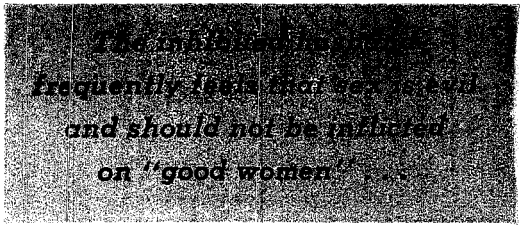

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The essential personality defect which causes sex conflict is the inability to share with another person. For the emotionally disturbed person, his sex partner is only an extension of himself. He cannot acknowledge the other as an individual in his own right.

With some it may amount to no more than emotional immaturity which is eventually outgrown. Some girls enter marriage with romantic ideas of love which can't survive the reality of a consummate marriage. They enjoy the ecstasy of "falling in love" without any real interest in "making love." For them love is like a masquerade ball. When the masks come off in marriage, they are disillusioned and bitter. But with experience, most of them make a workable adjustment to reality.

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Dr. David Wice, the Philadelphia rabbi who pioneered marriage counseling in churches, has observed that the time when infidelity is most likely to start is during the

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two- or three-month period before and after delivery of the first baby, when the wife finds resuming her sex function difficult or impossible.

Though it is the mark of a mature personality to be able to adjust to the inevitable, nevertheless many of the encroachments of middle-age can be classified as "external" factors affecting marital sex relations. When their wives become less attractive sexually, some husbands try to achieve a second youth through affairs or marriages with younger women.

The middle-aged husband may also become less attractive to his wife. When the children no longer demand much of her time, she wants to make up for some of the things she thinks she's missed in life. One of these is a varied and interesting sex life.

The experts tell her that women should find as much enjoyment in sex as men—but the chances are she hasn't found it with her husband. Now, while her interest in sex is increasing, his interest and capacity are declining. The result is a high divorce rate among older couples, and divorce authorities say that more and more it is the women who are taking the initiative.

Case histories show that men and women handle their married relationship about as well or as badly as they handled all previous love relationships in their lives—first with their mother and father, then with playmates, and finally with sweethearts. It is through these earlier love relationships that a man or woman learns to love a mate. The fact that sex enters so importantly into marriage doesn't change the basic requirement of all love relationships—the ability to consider another's fulfillment as important as one's own.

Uncommon Knowledge

WHO FIRST SAID: "Of the people, by the people, for the people"? The first 99 persons out of 100 will reply, "Lincoln." And the 100th person will add, "in his Gettysburg Address."

The famous phrase, familiar to millions of school children and their elders, actually is 573 years old, and once appeared in the Bible!

In John Wycliffe's introduction to his translation of the Bible, published in England in 1382, these words occur: "This Bible is for the Government of the People, by the People, and for the People."—*Partners*

LISTED AMONG the 50,000 people in the newest edition of *Who's Who in America* are a few individuals who don't belong—because they never lived anywhere except in the imaginations of the editors. The fictitious names are printed to trap unscrupulous promoters who sometimes reprint these biographies without permission. The appearance of the fictitious names gives the publishers clear proof of theft. —*Hudson Newsletter*

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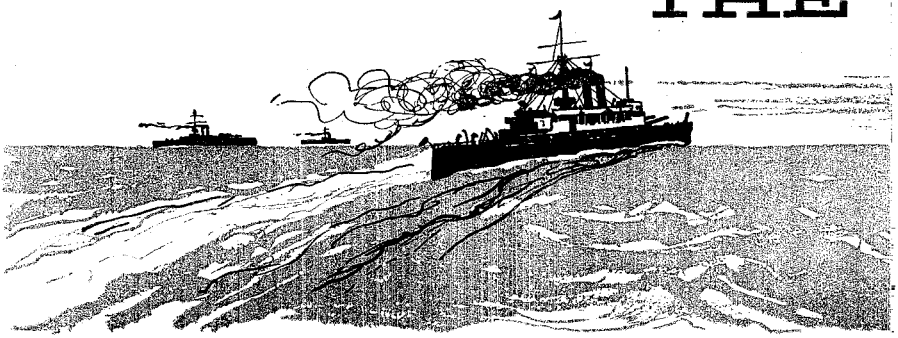
The captains had no choice. They obeyed orders and sent Britain's great battleships head on to disaster

THE



by NORMAN *and* MADELYN CARLISLE

OF ALL THE fantastic happenings at sea, none is more incredible than the act of Britain's mad admiral. Why he gave the order that shocked the world and sent the British Empire into mourning is still being argued. . . .

At 3:30 P.M. on June 22, 1893, Her Majesty's Mediterranean fleet was steaming majestically across a glass-smooth sea toward Tripoli.

The fleet was in two parallel columns, 1,200 yards apart. The *Victoria*, flagship of the fleet, headed one column; abreast of her, leading the other, was the *Camperdown*. The battleships, two of the largest in the world, were followed by lesser craft, each ship opposite one of corresponding size.

On the bridge of the *Victoria*, Captain Maurice Bourke looked with satisfaction out over this efficient, disciplined display of naval might. The day's practice maneuvers had gone well and in a few minutes the battlewagons would be safely at anchor in he roadstead.

Beside Bourke stood solidly-built, impressively-uniformed Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, fleet commander and a brilliant naval tactician. A heavy frown tightened his face.

Bourke stood in complete silence, still trying to grasp the fact that the fleet commander had given a startling, unbelievable order.

In a written message, the Admiral had ordered a maneuver requiring the two columns to turn inward toward each other so that they would end up with the ships in the same position but going in the opposite direction.

Had the columns been farther apart, this maneuver would have been spectacular but safe.

As it was, Captain Bourke was aghast because he knew that the *Victoria*, her helm jammed hard aport, could not make a semi-circular turn in less than 600 yards. The *Camperdown* had exactly the

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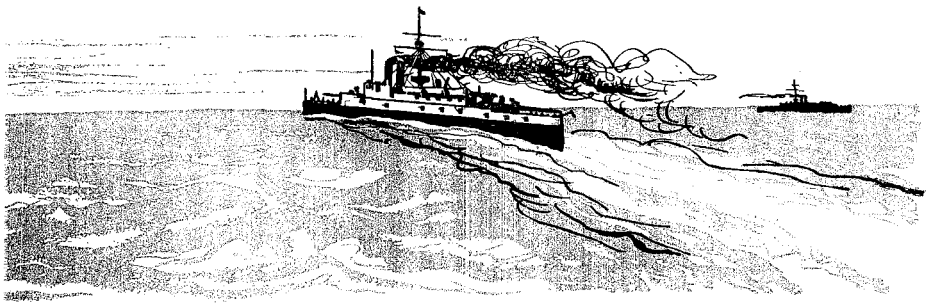
MAD ADMIRAL



same turning diameter. *And the two ships were just 1,200 yards apart.*

If each turned as the Admiral had ordered they would crash into each other! Surely he knew this. . . .

But he had ordered the signal given and now the signal yards blossomed with brightly colored bunting that spelled out this incredible message to the fleet:

"Second division alter course 16 points to starboard in succession, preserving the order of the fleet. First division alter course 16 points to port in succession, preserving the order of the fleet."

On the *Camperdown's* bridge, Rear-Admiral Markham and Captain Johnstone looked at each other, unbelieving.

"But that's impossible," Johnstone muttered.

Markham nodded. "Signal back: 'Order not understood.'"

But before the message could be sent, the *Victoria* signaled again: "What are you waiting for?"

Tension mounted as officers and men on the other ships watched in paralyzed suspense.

To Captains Bourke and Johnstone the thing they had been told to do was fantastic. But they were schooled in obeying a superior officer without question.

Bourke, groping wildly for an explanation, thought: Perhaps the Admiral meant to test the mettle of the men by countermanding the order once the turn had started.

Even that was dangerous, for once the ships were committed to their course they would be hard to stop in time.

Orders ran through the chain of command. Slowly at first, then with gathering momentum, the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* began to turn.

Now, Bourke thought, surely now the Admiral will give the order. But none came.

Every officer in the fleet now knew that the two great ships thundering toward each other would

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complete their circles of death, unless. . . .

"The engines, sir . . ." Bourke pleaded desperately. "Let me reverse the engines."

The Admiral shook his head.

Bourke, at last convinced that Tryon had taken leave of his senses, opened his mouth to commit an act of mutiny. But before he could speak, the Vice-Admiral's lips moved.

"Very well," he said. "Full astern port engines."

In a smother of foam, the *Victoria* shivered from stem to stern as her engines fought her momentum.

But Captain Bourke and the horrified fleet knew the order had come too late. The ships were moving inevitably toward each other as if drawn by some monstrous magnet. Aboard them, the men waited in numbed silence.

Then, with a shriek of rending steel, the battleships met. The *Camperdown's* great ram gored a gaping hole in the flagship's side.

Admiral Sir George Tryon stood without a flicker of emotion on his face while a bugle sounded the dread "Collision Stations." Bourke was giving the orders now, for a ship in peril is commanded by her chief officer alone.

Quickly, preparations were made to lower boats for the rescue operation. It was plain to all that the *Victoria* was going down.

But the Admiral gave another astounding order. "Annul sending boats!" he roared at the signalman.

The pennants were run aloft and not a boat was put overside.

The men of the *Victoria* stood grimly at their stations. Only when the bugle blared its last despairing "Save yourselves!" did they break ranks.

By then the ship was going down by the head. Frantic men clawed at her slanting decks or leaped into the sea. Many were caught in the fury of her still-churning propellers.

Admiral Tryon clung to the rail, frozen faced. When an officer thrust a lifebelt toward him he pushed it away. Minutes later the ship slid beneath the water and a giant bubble rose and burst as her boilers exploded. Tryon went down with her.

The rest of the squadron hurriedly launched rescue craft in an effort to save what survivors they could. Among the 300 rescued was Captain Bourke.

The Captain stood one of England's most dramatic and prolonged courts-martial. But in the end he was exonerated as an officer who had simply obeyed the commands of his superior.

Of all the thousands of questions asked, there was never found an answer to why Admiral Sir George Tryon had given the fantastic orders that sank two of Britain's greatest battleships and took the staggering toll of 358 lives.

LORD, GIVE US COURAGE to stand for something, lest we fall for anything.

—PETER MARSHALL

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Sharpen Your Word Sense!

by ROGER B. GOODMAN

HAVEN'T YOU *often thought*, "If *only* I *had the words to express* what I feel!" or, "If only I could write it in the proper words!" Well, here's a chance for you to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage from the works of a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then turn to page 132 and check your words with the writer's.

A MAN IN A maroon-coloured flannel shirt . . . 1_____a corner and walked into the middle of the main street of Yellow Sky. In either hand the man held a long, 2_____, blue-black revolver. . . .

The man's face 3_____in a rage begot of whiskey. His eyes . . . 4_____the still doorways and windows. He walked with the 5_____ movement of the 6 _____ cat. . . . The long revolvers in his hands were as easy as 7_____; they were moved with an 8_____ swiftness. The little fingers of each hand 9_____ sometimes in a musician's way. . . .

Ultimately the man was attracted by the closed doors of the Weary Gentleman saloon. He went to it and, 10_____ with a revolver, 11_____ drink.

The door remaining 12_____, he [nailed] a bit of paper . . . to the framework . . . He then turned his back 13_____ . . . and, walking to the opposite side of the street and 14_____there on his heel quickly and 15_____, fired at the bit of paper. He missed it by a half inch. He 16_____ himself, and went away. Later he 17_____ 18_____the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was 19 _____with this town; it was a 20_____for him.

Choose one word from each line of this list:

1. came around, turned, rounded
2. heavy, indomitable, uncanny
3. blushed, developed, flamed
4. roamed, roved, hunted
5. creeping, primitive, ancestral
6. alley, midnight, harmful
7. could be, pie, straws
8. electric, impossible, truly amazing
9. moved, wandered, played
10. knocking, hammering, rapping
11. asked, sought, demanded
12. imperturbable, closed, fast shut
13. boldly, contemptuously, arrogantly
14. spinning, turning, pirouetting
15. happily, like a ballerina, lithely
16. reproached, swore at, uttered maledictions at
17. comfortably, innocently, unknowingly
18. fired volleys at, aimed, fusilladed
19. playing, feuding, warring
20. pleasure, toy, coup

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PATTY'S

by ANDREW HAMILTON

ONE BRISK DAY in October, 1951, the *Anchorage Victory*, an ammunition ship, docked at Pusan, Korea. Second engineer Pat Mozier, a broken-nosed American with a lopsided Celtic grin and an insatiable curiosity, went ashore for a look-see.

Riding through Pusan's crowded, smelly streets, he saw a ragged little girl stumble and fall. Picking up the emaciated child, he carried her to a nearby hospital. She was dead.

"Not get enough to eat," a Korean doctor explained.

The soil was not rich, yet it could have been cultivated. But there were no seeds to plant. Many children were starving.

On the return voyage to the United States, Aloysius Eugene Francis Patrick Mozier did some troubled thinking. In 30 years of knocking about the world, he'd seen a lot of this kind of misery—skinny, sick kids in North Africa, Indians rioting for scraps of food, Chinese families gathering leaves, bark and roots to eat.

"But what can one man do about the world's hunger?" he asked himself.

By the time his ship reached San Francisco, he had an answer.

He returned to his home in Los Angeles, drew out his life savings and bought as many ten-cent seed packets as $1,500 would purchase—carrots, beans, squash, turnips, peas, melons, cabbage, tomatoes and the like. On the next trip to the Orient, he took the seeds with him and passed them out to hungry people wherever his ship docked.

Since then, Mozier has been a man with a mission: raising money and collecting seeds to help alleviate the famine of the Far East. He thinks of it in terms of "spreading a band of green around the world to offset the red band of communism—which thrives on hunger."

During his one-man campaign, Mozier has given away nearly 2,000,000 packets of vegetable seeds—enough, he estimates, to have grown about $10,000,000 worth of food. He has been aided by Rotary,

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SEEDS OF FRIENDSHIP

This real-life Johnny Appleseed roams the Orient distributing precious seeds that will grow food for hungry millions

Kiwanis, Lions, Optimist and other service clubs; by schools, churches, Boy Scout and Camp Fire groups; and by countless individuals. He makes no charge for his seeds, preaches no sermon, espouses no cause.

In Tokyo, in 1953, Rear Admiral Hall Hanlon told him: "Pat, you're like that fellow Johnny Appleseed who roamed through the Ohio River country during the early 1800s. You ought to be known as Patty Gardenseed."

Patty Gardenseed he has been ever since. Letters addressed this way are quickly delivered to him.

Pat Mozier, at 52, is a stocky man with mild blue eyes, thinning blond hair and a deceptively soft voice that can't disguise the trace of an Irish brogue. He doesn't drink or smoke. But don't be fooled!

Born in Newport News, he grew up there and in Alexandria, Virginia, in Dowagiac, Michigan, and in Camden, New Jersey. He was the second son of a family of 13 children.

Pat joined the Navy at the age of 17 and served both with the battle fleet and the airship service. While serving, he fought 220 bouts and was the Navy's welterweight king from 1924 to 1929.

After his enlistment in the Navy ran out in 1930, he got mixed up with a revolution in Mexico; flew for Italy ("until I learned they were bombing Ethiopian civilians") then switched to Haile Selassie's side; fought in the Spanish Civil War; made a trip to Tibet; was a Master Technical Sergeant in the Marine Corps during the early part of the war, and served in the Merchant Marine during the later stages.

But the most exciting phase of Pat Mozier's life has been his self-dedicated program of carrying seeds to the poor and hungry.

He makes two trips a year to the Far East on what is called the "jungle run." Between sailings he shows motion pictures of his seed-distribution activities, and talks to luncheon clubs, churches and schools. He appears frequently on radio and TV programs.

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Edward G. Robinson, General Ridgway, Synghman Rhee, Vice Admiral Alfred Pride and other well-known personalities have helped him. Seed companies such as Germain's, Aggeler and Musser and the Associat-

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ed Seed Growers (ASGROW) have donated seeds or provided them at rock-bottom prices.

Mozier is now an engineer with the American President Lines and receives considerable encouragement from the top management, including President George Killian himself.

On an average trip, he may carry about 100 fiberboard cartons containing 200,000 packets of seeds. He is assisted in distributing his seed packets by U. S. soldiers, sailors and airmen around the globe. Missionaries and Rotary International groups are also helpful.

Sometimes word of Patty Gardenseed's arrival precedes him and the docks are lined with hundreds of eager natives. To dramatize his one-man give-away program, Mozier wears cowboy boots, a fancy Western shirt and a Stetson.

"A cowboy symbolizes the U. S. to the rest of the world," he points out. "I want to make sure they know where the seeds are coming from. And the kids love the pageantry of it. I've even had 'em singing 'The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You' in Korean, Tagalog and Hindi."

For his efforts, Mozier has taken no money. But he's received something better: the grateful thanks of people in all parts of the world.

Pat's pert, auburn-haired wife Maria works as a machine bookkeeper for the Western Car Loading Company in Los Angeles. They have no children, but are devoted to a couple of Boston Bulls.

Pat Mozier has rediscovered the secret of the Good Samaritan: that assistance to your fellow men in distress, when others around are ignoring him, is the most satisfactory kind of personal philosophy that exists.

"The Orientals are a proud bunch," he says. "They don't want handouts. But they'll take seeds because it helps them to help themselves."

Somehow, the word has spread throughout the Far East that Mozier is President Eisenhower's personal ambassador. Mozier hopes that the President won't get "burned up about it" if he should learn of this deception.

Most people today can't recall the name of John Chapman, but the heart-warming legend of Johnny Appleseed lives on. And when the name of Aloysius Eugene Francis Patrick Mozier is forgotten, the great-grandchildren of thousands of people in the Far East today will remember the kind deeds and loving heart of a bent-nosed Irish-American affectionately known as Patty Gardenseed.

Love Explained

WHEN Joan Crawford's adopted daughter, Chris, asked what "adopted" meant, her mother said simply: "Darling, it means love!"

—HY GARDNER

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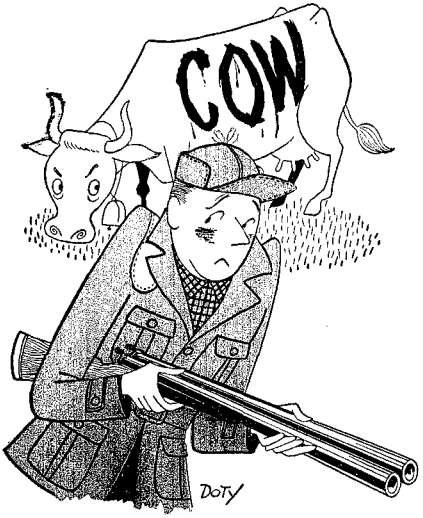
HUNTERS OR HOODLUMS?



by ALLEN RANKIN

Those who think a license allows them to blast away at everything that moves blacken the name of an honorable sport

THIS MIDWINTER, a formidable army of 20,000,000 American hunters is blazing away at a variety of wildlife from rabbits to bears, from small plummet-like quail to regal thunder-winged turkey gobblers.

They are the luckiest hunters in the world. For only in America can the average man engage in extensive hunting for pleasure. Elsewhere it is the sport of the rich; others are prohibited from it either by law, custom, lack of means or dearth of game.

And, incredibly, U. S. hunters still have more game to shoot at today than did the Pilgrims when they landed in 1620 and went into the woods, musket in hand, to begin our great hunting tradition.

Most of this army of hunters appreciate their good fortune. They advance on the outdoors with surprising self-discipline and good behavior. But among them, lamentably, there is a small minority of unsporting sportsmen, trigger-happy tramps and licensed barbarians —in a word, hoodlum hunters.

This was dramatically demonstrated in the Midwest when a farmer placed a stuffed pheasant in his bean field to "test" the manners of hunters. More than 100 brought their cars to a screeching stop and banged away at the stuffed bird—most of them, illegally, from either the highway or car windows. Only two first asked him for permission to shoot in his field.

When a pair of hunters nearly shot each other in their haste to blast the phony pheasant, the farmer quickly discontinued the test.

Classic examples of bumbling ineptitude in field and woods during the last few years range from the ridiculous to the tragic. In 1951, Pennsylvania's 800,000 licensed

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shooters killed eight human beings along with their 72,534 deer. Maine deer hunters, in a little less than two months in 1952, killed 16 and wounded 45 others. All of which adds up to a grim 500 Americans dead and 2,000 wounded in hunting accidents annually. And every one of these tragedies could easily have been avoided.

The state hunting license that anyone can buy for as little as a few dollars is not an excuse for senseless slaughter but a privilege English-speaking people struggled 800 years to obtain. Under the Norman conquerors of Britain, it was as great a crime to kill one of the king's deer as one of his subjects. We Americans are too prone to take for granted what truly amounts to our "license."

Outside of the danger to human life from careless hunters, most authorities agree that the game-hog is the greatest menace to hunting in general. He'll kill an illegal doe as quickly as a buck, shoot from dawn to dark and sometimes at night, and kill more game than he can possibly use.

Perhaps next on offense lists comes the out-of-season hunter, particularly the early gunner, who kills three or four birds or animals every time he shoots a parent that is still feeding and protecting its young.

The farmer's pet villain is the trespasser. One New York State farmer gets up at 6 A.M. every weekend morning during the hunting season to lock up his three pet cats. Otherwise, he's learned from experience, a dozen trigger-happy hunters—none of whom has permission to cross his land—may take a pot-shot at them.

The sad story of broken fences, trampled crops and lost and injured livestock is enacted on thousands of U. S. farms a year. There is no record of the cost of this kind of vandalism in dollars but it runs into millions. Meanwhile, woods and roadsides are cluttered with the shell-boxes, picnic leavings and other debris of countless uninvited and undistinguished guests.

WHEN *DON'T* YOU NEED A PSYCHIATRIST?
A provocative article that reveals little-known facts about a subject of utmost importance to you and your family.
NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Probably the most blatant of all these licensed brigands was a very prominent and funny—he thought—practical joker. Occasionally, when the bird-shooting on a farmer's land proved dull, he would amuse himself by shooting a young cow and carting it away in his car trunk. To him it was a hilarious game, and he ate the stolen meat with relish. He never was caught, unfortunately, for his joke could have netted him a well-deserved penitentiary sentence.

Even a little carelessness among 20,000,000 hunters can leave behind that peacetime terror—the forest fire. In 1954, outdoorsmen careless with cigarettes and campfires set off 23,000 conflagrations.

Distinguished among hunting cads are the cruel "cripplers" who violate an age-old gentleman's code by not following wounded game to put it out of its misery. There are

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the market-hunters who surreptitiously sneak game to regular paying customers in town. There are the obstinate and ignorant "old-timers," loath to change their game-eating habits just because of some law.

Few of these offenders are more dangerous either to game or the human populace than the nation's horde of young boys, to many of whom hunting is a new, too exciting and irresponsible adventure.

Some of them don't know that the little .22 rifle cartridges they ping away with are dangerous for the distance of a mile; that the loaded shotguns they drag through fences and in and out of cars are capable of blowing them—or anyone else—half in two.

Some of them shoot along crowded highways or blaze away at anything with feathers or four feet.

EVERY PARENT who is giving his son or daughter his first real gun this winter should ask himself, "How safe will my own child be as a hunter—to himself and to others? What can I do to make him the best possible accident risk?"

The beginning gunner will be safer in the field than at home in his own living room—and so will everyone around him. For the majority of our gun accidents happen not "out hunting" but in and around the house.

This is mainly because the average sportsman spends only two weeks out of the year actually hunting; the rest of the time planning to hunt, admiring his gun and itching for the opportunity to shoot it.

Amazingly, in at least 40 per cent of all accident cases the shooter pleads he "didn't see" his victim or "thought he was a" deer, moose, pheasant or some other creature no human being even resembles.

Typically, a man who went out to kill a bear prowling around a camp in Maine, recently, fired on the first vague object he saw move—and killed an 18-year-old camp waitress. Upon even the most casual inspection, a young woman looks quite unlike a bear.

The conclusion is inescapable that most hunting tragedies are perpetrated by over-excited people who are too criminally careless or just plain greedy even to take a good look at their targets before pulling the trigger. In other words, practically all firearms accidents are caused by a lack of consideration for the rights and safety of others.

The greatest favor we can do our children before handing them a gun, therefore, is to drum this last fact unforgettably into their heads. Getting the game is, and must be, quite secondary. Respect for the lives and property of other people must come first—and that means before every shot!

Next, we can drill into them the standard "don'ts" and "nevers" that are second nature to all safe gun-handlers and which, strictly observed, would make any hunting accidents impossible. Ten of the most vital of these rules are:

▶ 1. Consider all guns loaded; never point one at anything you don't intend to kill.

▶ 2. Load your gun only in the open woods or fields, and then only

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when you are about ready to shoot it. Unload it before coming up to the car, camp, house or any group of people. Leave the breech open to *show* you it is unloaded.

▶ 3. Keep the safety on until you bring the gun to your shoulder to fire.

▶ 4. Be sure that the barrel is never obstructed by mud, snow, twigs or cleaning pads. *Obstructed barrels explode.*

▶ 5. Have a *clear view* of any game or other target before you shoot. Be *certain* you know exactly what you're shooting at.

▶ 6. Be just as certain that no one is in your line of fire, either between you and the target or beyond it.

▶ 7. When firing at practice targets be sure that they are backed by materials that will stop and hold the bullet.

▶ 8. Never shoot at a hard surface that might bounce the bullet back at you or cause it to richochet and hit someone or something else.

▶ 9. Never mix gun-powder and alcohol.

▶ 10. In putting your gun away, check *again* to see that it is empty. Then place it and the ammunition far out of reach of children or pranksters.

As parents, we can make sure that our children can *see* before turning them loose with a gun and that their attitude is "right" enough to make them good risks as gun-owners. The child who is careless, flighty or inconsiderate elsewhere is not likely to change just because we put a gun in his hand. It is important to remember, too, that even the most cautious of hunters is no safer than the company he keeps.

Our hunting sons fall heir to a rare and treasured privilege. Taught a respectful gratitude for it, a careful skill and a proper consideration for their fellow man, they can and will preserve it.

Positions—Well Defined

ECONOMIST: Somebody who tells you what to do with your money after you've done something else with it.
—EDWARD R. MURROW

ENSIGN: A second lieutenant that can swim. —BOB HOPE

COORDINATOR: A man who has a desk between two expediters. —*Air University Dispatch*

EXPERT: A man who is seldom in doubt, but often in error. —GENERAL GEORGE PATTON

MILLIONAIRE: A billionaire after he pays his taxes.
—HY GARDNER

PROMOTER: A man who will furnish the ocean if you will furnish the ships. —LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

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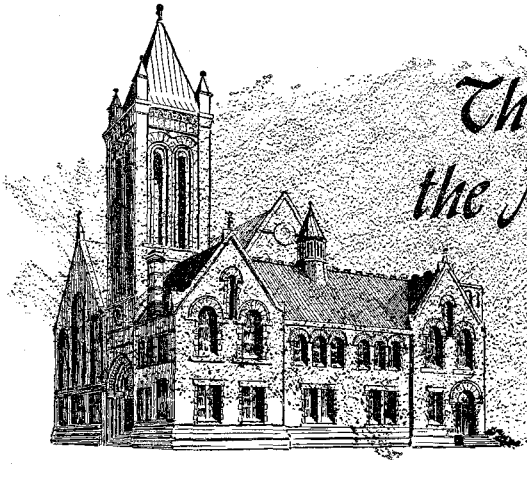
Though many listened, only two people could hear the message



The Mystery of the Midnight Bells

by Robert Zacks

Some years ago, residents of the Harlem area in New York City were awakened at two in the morning by the sound of bells—the carillon of St. Martin's Church—ringing out in a strange melody.

Next morning, parishioners demanded to know who had been playing at that unearthly hour, and why. But nobody could tell them. In fact, church officials denied that the bells had rung at all.

But the carillon of St. Martin's *did* ring that night. And the reason was Mr. Mandelli, an old man with rapidly failing eyesight, a passion for chess, and a friend named Saul Rabinowitz . . .

Mr. Mandelli would not reply to Saul Rabinowitz's cheery comments when he first began coming in to Saul's dry-cleaning shop. So Saul let him strictly alone.

One day, however, in a nearby park, he saw Mr. Mandelli sitting with his head bent very close to a chess board as he worked out a problem.

Possibly no other thing could have won Saul admittance into Mr. Mandelli's confidence. Saul, too, loved chess and soon they were lost in a game.

They played often after that and it was during these games that Mr. Mandelli hummed an odd little tune under his breath. Always he hummed the same tune until one day Saul asked what it was.

"It's a hymn, a religious song," Mr. Mandelli said, a faraway look in his eyes. "My mother used to sing it to me when I was a child."

"It's beautiful," said Saul. "So sad."

Mr. Mandelli peered at Saul through his thick eyeglasses for a long moment. "It depends which end you are on," he said slowly. "My mother sang it when things

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were very bad, to give me courage. But perhaps she felt sad."

"Things were bad, sometimes, eh?"

Mr. Mandelli's face shadowed. "Yes," he said, simply.

There were many chess games, and bit by bit Mr. Mandelli's background was revealed. He was alone in the world. He'd come to this country in 1913, and worked as a common laborer. Because of language difficulties and poor vision, opportunity had eluded him.

"And now I am old," said Mr. Mandelli in a too-quiet tone. "Old, alone and going blind." He shook his head wearily. "And I am so tired."

"All you need is rest—" Saul began gently.

"It is my soul that is tired," said Mr. Mandelli, and suddenly he stood up. "I don't feel like playing any more. Forgive me."

Saul watched him go with a chill sense of foreboding.

Shortly before two o'clock in the morning Saul was awakened by the telephone. It was Mr. Mandelli.

"Saul," he said. "I am leaving everything to you. You are my only friend You'll be getting $600 from me in the mail, so don't be surprised. Goodby."

"What are you talking about?" shouted Saul.

"I'll soon be blind," said Mandelli. "I'm old and tired. I no longer wish to keep living." And he hung up.

Saul stood transfixed with dreadful realization. He knew Mr. Mandelli lived in a small furnished room in the neighborhood. But he didn't know the address.

There was no way to find him, except—"God," whispered Saul, "what shall I do?" And the answer came to him.

Saul dressed and rushed out into the hushed streets. He knew most of the people in the area personally. And of the four people living near the church who were trained in the art of carillon playing, surely one would do what he had thought of...

Within ten minutes it began; carillon bells ringing out a hymn at two in the morning. Again and again the hymn was played.

Then suddenly it stopped, because Saul saw Mr. Mandelli walking toward the church, his face lifted up with awe.

As Saul went to meet him and grasped his arm, Mr. Mandelli said, "It was as if my mother were singing to me again, giving me courage to go on living. And so I shall."

Triple Play

(Answers to quiz on page 33)

1. last; 2. round; 3. let; 4. hold; 5. file; 6. grade; 7. deal; 8. order; 9. fine; 10. grain; 11. leave; 12. roll; 13. stand; 14. note; 15. ride; 16. hand; 17. piece; 18. log; 19. pitch; 20. point; 21. fold; 22. heart; 23. pick; 24. gentle; 25. frame; 26. foot; 27. hard; 28. narrow; 29. run; 30. flash.

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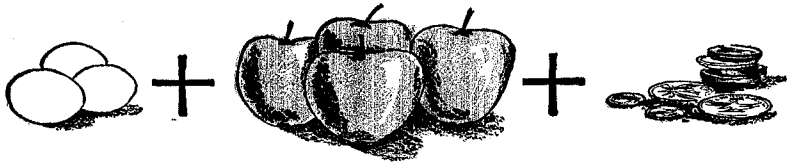
NOODLE ANNOYERS



1. Bounce this around in your mind. Two apple vendors went to the market daily with lots of 60 apples to sell. The first vendor sold his at the rate of two for $1 and realized $30 daily. The second sold his at the rate of three for $1 and realized $20. Together, then, they collected $50.

One day the second vendor was ill and said to the first, "Will you sell my apples for me today? Since you sell at the rate of two for $1 and I sell at the rate of three for $1, you can combine the lots and sell them at five for $2, and receive the same return as both of us selling individually." The first vendor agreed and sold the combined lots at five for $2. At the end of the day he counted his receipts and discovered he had only $48. What happened to the missing $2?

2. For that agile brain of yours, try this annoyer: We (you and I) both have some apples. If I give you one of mine, we'll both have the same number. But if you give me one, I'll have twice as many as you'll have. How many do we each have?

3. THERE WERE TWO barbershops. In the first shop haircuts were 40 cents and shaves 20 cents, total 60 cents. In the second shop, haircuts were 35 cents and shaves 25 cents, total 60 cents. A customer studied the prices and then discovered that by getting a shave in the first shop he saved five cents and by getting a haircut in the second shop he saved another nickel.

"I've saved 10 cents," says he to himself.

But 20 cents plus 35 cents makes 55 cents, in spite of the fact that he had saved 5 cents on each item. How come? asks Charlotte. I know, let X equal the first haircut and so on.

4. A FARMER HAS three sons. He sends them out to gather eggs. The first one comes back with 15 eggs; the second returns with 50 eggs, and the third comes back with 85 eggs. Says the farmer to the boys, "I want you to go to town now and all sell your eggs for the same price." They came back with 10 cents apiece. What was the price of the eggs?

5. GIVE A FRIEND a dollar's worth of change in 50 coins using only halves, quarters, dimes, nickels or pennies. There are two combinations. Get them both.

Answers to Noodle Annoyers are on page 148.

—CEDRIC ADAMS, *Poor Cedric's Almanac* (Doubleday & Co.)

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How to Win Your Battle with the Income Tax Man--and *Save Money!*

by Mark Marcosson, *Certified Public Accountant*

Last year some 60,000,000 Federal income tax returns were filed. Almost half of them showed refunds due the taxpayers. But many of these people had to return them—with interest, in fact. So the idea is obviously not only to save on your income tax return but to keep those savings.

All returns showing refunds over a certain minimum amount (it varies from place to place) are subject to checking before the refund is actually made. If your return is a simple salary or wage earner's return, with a standard deduction, the chances are practically zero that this will happen to you. If, however, you have unusual items of deduction or income, the chances are very good that you will be called for an audit. If your return involves considerable amount of gross or net income, you are reasonably certain to be checked. The Internal Revenue Service also selects a number of ordinary-looking returns for auditing as a test.

Since the lightning may strike anyone, it is well to have some idea of what an income tax examination is like: what will be asked and asked for, how to present his information and answer questions, and also some of the ground rules. In other words, the safe way to save.

Actually, the taxpayer should know about these things *before* he prepares his return. For when a professional does so he first considers how every item will stand up under examination. This is a rule which every taxpayer should copy.

The type of audit used for most individual taxpayers begins like this: The Internal Revenue Agent writes a letter to the taxpayer asking him to present himself at the

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An old hand at fighting the taxpayer's battles with the Internal Revenue Service offers some tips on how to avoid the troubles his clients have had

Internal Revenue office and to bring with him all the data and records necessary to verify the items shown on his return.

At this point the taxpayer who has received one of these formidable-looking epistles should get a firm grip on himself. Take two aspirins and the word of a thoroughly experienced professional tax man that Internal Revenue Agents are human. So do not go forth to an office audit as though it were major surgery.

The chances are you will find the Internal Revenue office a rather dingy place. This is probably designed to arouse the taxpayer's pity and make it easier to separate him from some additional tax.

Your Agent may be young or old, male or female, tall or short; and he will ask you for reasonably detailed records for all the various items on your return. Having such records is a real protection for you, and it can make his job very much easier. However, in a tax examination the Internal Revenue Service is bound to give weight and credence to the taxpayer's unsupported evidence, provided it is reasonable and probable.

For example, suppose you are a salesman and claim that you spent four weeks traveling on business. You deducted traveling expenses as follows:

Hotel	$168.00
Meals	140.00
Railroad and taxis	275.00
Telephone	35.00
Total	$618.00

All you have in the way of supporting evidence is the hotel bills. The Agent does not doubt that you are employed as a salesman. Under these conditions, he must allow the other types of expense, even though you have no bills or other documentary evidence to support them.

If, for instance, you have bills to show that you paid a surgeon and a hospital for an operation, the Revenue Agent should make you a proper allowance for drugs and medical supplies, even without bills or checks.

But be prepared for an argument

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about how much you spent. This applies to all types of deductions. Large contributions to churches and charities, for example, are commonly made by check, and for these you should normally possess cancelled checks or receipts. But everyone makes small contributions in cash, and a reasonable amount of these should be allowed without any evidence other than the taxpayer's own statement.

These considerations also affect your deduction of taxes paid. No one has receipts or bills for gasoline or sales taxes. If the amount is properly estimated, it should be allowed without further proof. But don't deduct gasoline taxes if you don't own a car. And make sure the amount deducted isn't based on gasoline purchases sufficient to take a car 200,000 miles. The Agent is likely to ask when you had time to get out of the car to sleep and eat.

If you gave clothing or canned goods to a charity, you are entitled to deduct the fair market value as a contribution. If a large amount is involved, some receipt or acknowledgment from the charity should be available. In the case of small amounts, a memorandum by the taxpayer of what was given and how the value was computed should be sufficient.

Or your car may have been damaged in an accident. This is normally deductible as a casualty loss, whether or not you have the damage repaired. If someone bashes in your fender while your car is parked, your best bet is to get a mechanic's estimate showing what repairs are necessary and how much they will cost. Your own estimate won't be quite as good evidence, unless you can explain to the Agent how you come to know the proper amount of the repair bill.

IN THE CASE OF STORM, hurricane or flood damage, a different rule applies. Here the deduction is supposed to be figured by taking the fair value of the property before and after the loss. The difference is the loss deduction.

Naturally this is a difficult thing to prove. Suppose that a storm destroys most of the foundation planting around your home. It is logical to assume that a prospective purchaser would not pay as much for a house without such a planting, and you would have to figure about how much less he would pay by the approximate cost of a new planting. But if three large shade trees had been destroyed, or similar almost irreplaceable things, to estimate the damage would be a job for a real-estate appraiser.

In most cases, repair bills and estimates are good proof of storm and flood damage. But it should not be overlooked that it may not be possible to restore property completely, and the loss deduction might be larger than the cost of repairs. A flood, for instance, could undermine the foundations of a house. No repairs could completely remove this condition; the house has been permanently damaged.

A second rule of proof that is not well-known is the day-book rule. This states that if you enter business transactions regularly in a book kept from day to day, such original

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entries are valid proof of the items entered.

You will therefore make the preparation of your income tax return easier and assure yourself of a better result on a tax examination by keeping a diary or similar book in which you enter daily or at frequent intervals all the transactions which affect your income and income tax.

This is where a wife can make a real contribution to the family tax situation by keeping either her own book or one for the whole family. Many of the smaller tax deductibles come out of the housekeeping money, such as drugs and medical supplies, money spent at home for business entertainment, business telephone calls and small contributions.

If you have such a book, you must present it to the Revenue Agent in total. He is entitled to examine the whole thing.

Another rule is called the burden-of-proof rule. This means that it is up to the taxpayer to prove anything that is in doubt. Otherwise he is going to lose his deduction.

Suppose, for example, that you are a radio repair man. You deducted $125 for tools and supplies that you bought during the year. You show the Revenue Agent the bills. But he says in effect that he doesn't know if you really needed them in your work or, if you did, that they didn't last much longer than a year.

This puts it up to you to get more evidence, which could be a letter from your employer, or a letter from a wholesale distributor or someone else familiar with the trade, if you had your own service.

Naturally every taxpayer would like to avoid having his tax return examined. At best, it is a nuisance, and at worst a serious headache and a financial jolt. Is there anything that can be done to minimize the possibilities?

BLITZ DIET

Want to lose five pounds in just two days? Read how easily and inexpensively it can be done whether you eat at home or in a restaurant.

IN MARCH CORONET

Yes indeed. One very simple thing is to check all arithmetic very carefully. If a return is full of mathematical errors which the Service can see, it will occur to someone that there may be errors they can't see, too.

Another is to make sure that the return is legibly and neatly typed or written. When a reviewer sees a sloppy return he is justified in guessing that the taxpayer may also be irresponsible with the numbers.

But the most effective weapon to avoid an examination is to give really full explanations for everything on the return which may be questioned. Give names, dates and addresses, wherever possible. Do not hesitate to attach additional sheets of paper where you need more space. Head them up with your name and address, and show what page and item number of the return each list refers to.

If you use any estimates, explain the basis used. For example, if you have an unusually large sales tax deduction because you bought a new car, or a lot of new furniture,

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explain just that and give the prices of the purchases. You will also help to avoid an examination by checking on doubtful items before including them in your return.

Which brings up the subject of securing advice from the Internal Revenue Service. The Service goes to considerable trouble to set up facilities for assisting taxpayers.

However, if the assistance you need is not simple, or the amount involved is substantial, you should secure professional advice, preferably from an attorney or accountant who is admitted to practice before the Treasury Department.

Such advisers should also be consulted if the taxpayer genuinely feels that he is not being fairly treated on an examination. This does happen; the Internal Revenue Service is operated by ordinary people who *can* make mistakes.

One last word: When you have a tax examination, take notes while it is going on. When you get home, sit down and write a detailed account of what you said, what the Revenue Agent said and what papers you showed him. If you signed any thing, get a copy of it. Put these away in a safe place.

The reason for this? Sometimes the Internal Revenue Service misplaces its records, too.

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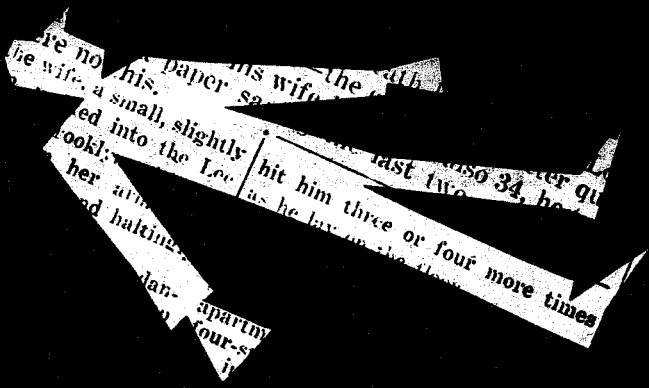
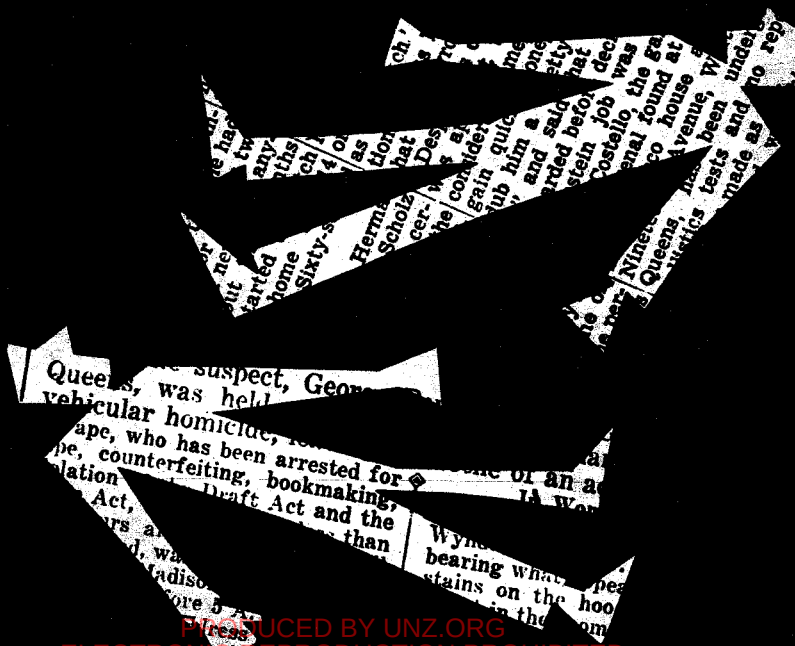


masters of mystery

FOR RELAXATION, Americans love to curl up with a spine-tingling murder mystery. Their favorite authors are, in private life, a gentle group of men and women of widely-varied backgrounds who have chosen gore and violence as a way of life. Together, these shudder-specialists have produced 325 blood-curdling books, selling a phenomenal 378,000,000 copies and posing the eternal question: "whodunit?"



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Erle Stanley Gardner

WHEN HE TOOK his bar exam in 1910, ex-boxer Erle Stanley Gardner could barely see out of two black eyes. But he was determined to settle down. Almost from birth (in 1889), Erle had been traveling —from his native Massachusetts around the U. S. and the Klondike —with his mining-engineer father in a quest for gold.

Successful at law, he craved more time for hunting, fishing and travel —and turned to writing. At 43, he finished his first book, *The Case of the Velvet Claws*, in three and a half days, launching his lawyer-hero, Perry Mason, in 1932.

Today the most popular mystery writer in America, Gardner turns out books assembly-line fashion. With four secretaries, he alternates between ranch and "hideaway" in California, dictating nearly 7,000 words a day—an average of four books a year. His other pseudonym: A. A. Fair. A man of boundless energy at 66, Gardner still practices law in the Court of Last Resort—a special legal-aid society which he helps sponsor for handling, without fee, pleas of people he believes were convicted unjustly of major crimes. His efforts have led to the release of innocent persons from prisons across the country.

Erle Stanley Gardner takes pride in his trade: "The detective story is more inspiring than a sermon; it reassures the reader that justice always triumphs. It's full of sincerity and guts, straight-shooting heroes and pure heroines."

His work-day often begins at 4 A.M., dictating in one of six trailers he keeps for traveling from ranch to mountain retreat. Later, he checks mail with staff.

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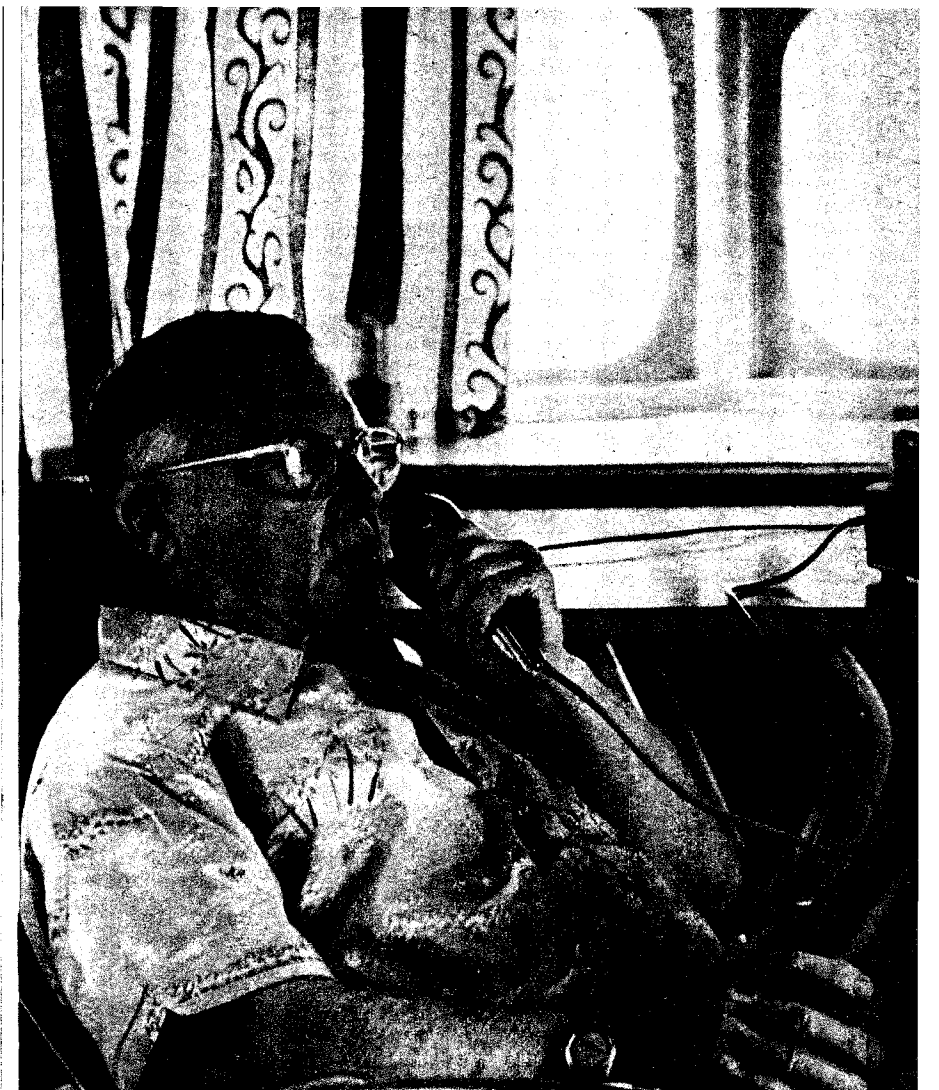

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Agatha Christie

DUBBED "the Garbo of mystery writers" because of her rigid rule against interviews, Agatha Christie first made headlines with a startling disappearance in 1927. For 11 days after her abandoned car was found, posses and airplanes searched for clues. She turned up in a small hotel, registered under another name. One report said she suffered from amnesia; others suspected publicity motives. But no one has uncovered the full story.

Today, this tall, greying queen of crime lives quietly in three houses —one in London, two in the English countryside—most of the year, but she swaps them all for a mud hut in the Middle East each spring. Then she accompanies her archaeologist-husband, Max Mallowan, on his excavations, helping with photography and tabulations. Agatha Christie has used these expeditions as settings for four mysteries and one travel book.

Now in her 60s, she types her puzzles in mayhem—usually involving her eccentric Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot—with three fingers of each hand. Working in the mornings and after dinner ("Flowers and trees within sight make me want to play truant"), Agatha Christie completes a detective novel in six weeks. Under the name Mary Westmacott she has published four "general" novels, also.

Devoted to the theatre, this former music-student has penned 12 plays, including *Witness for the Prosecution*, her latest long-running Broadway hit. Of her 50-odd books, her masterpiece, generally acknowledged, is *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*.

Tramping in the countryside with her husband is a Christie enthusiasm, along with music, flowers and her library.

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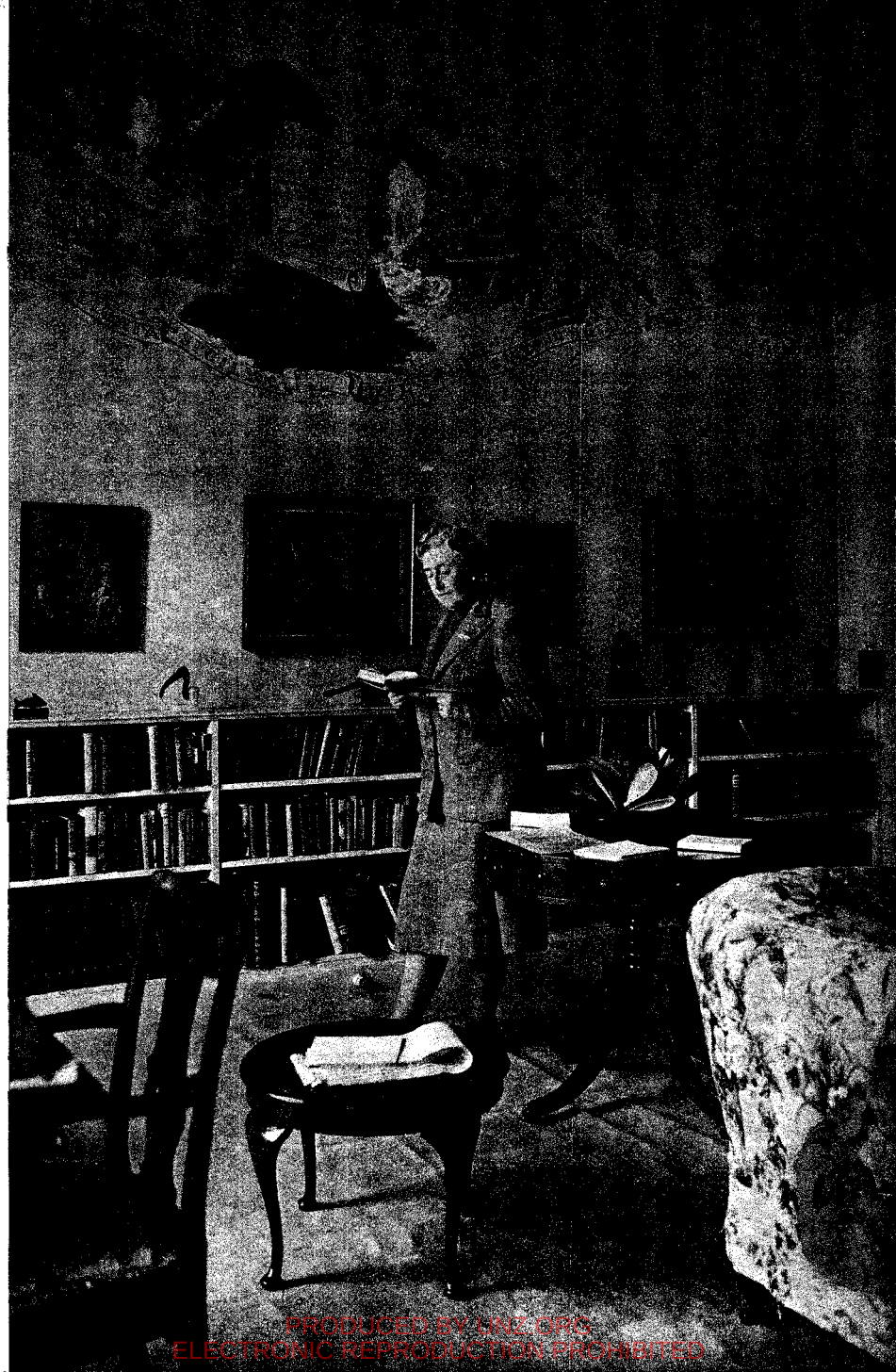

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Spillane checks his souped-up Ford, which he races in stock-car competitions.

Mickey Spillane

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL Mickey Spillane? Or has his conversion as a Jehovah's witness purged him of violence? The 37-year-old master of sex, sadism and slaughter hasn't written a book in three years. Ask him about his current schedule, and he talks vaguely of producing and directing his own movie ("it's going to have color, CinemaScope and schizophrenic sound"), of a circus act, a recording business, television projects. Embittered by past poverty and uneasy in his present fame, he seeks escape in a fantasy world—where he talks as tough as his kill-crazy "private eye," Mike Hammer, or a comic-book character from his early writing job. But with income still pouring in from seven books (total sales: 23 million) and movie rights, Spillane can afford to tinker with his gun collection, fencing foils and other hobbies in his Newburgh, N. Y. home, which he built himself.

He studies Bible with his children, wife and a neighbor (below, *left*) regularly. As a Witness, Mickey holds Bible classes in Newburgh homes, does missionary work.

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John Dickson Carr

OUT OF A Halloweenish imagination, John Dickson Carr spins tales of witchcraft, demons and phantoms. His blood-and-bones puzzlers—four a year—are noted for the double-surprise at the end, as well as his gift for the gruesome and the macabre.

Carr, born in Pennsylvania in 1906, was already a crime reporter at 11. An ardent Anglophile, he has lived as an expatriate in England since 1931. Bombs left him homeless three times during World War II, but Carr remained there until living comforts proved too austere under the Socialist Government in 1948. Two years ago, however, he returned to England to take up residence once more.

Carr's collection of reference books on crime, he believes, is the world's second best (first: the library of the late Harry Hodge, British publisher, in Edinburgh). He also collects etchings. *Left,* he explains a Hogarth acquisition to his wife.

Carr maintains a dual writing personality—as Carr and as Carter Dickson—with two publishers and two amateur sleuths as heroes. He often alternates between books, as the mood hits him. Smoking incessantly, he types his spooky stories with two fingers, throwing lighted cigarettes away and constantly consulting reference books. The coffee pot is never far from Carr's typewriter as he works. Occasionally he fondles daggers from his deadly collection for inspiration. He is a serious student of swordplay and an accomplished swordsman.

Crime is no light matter to Carr: "If there's one thing I can't stand," he grumbles, "it's a *healthy* murder." He also dislikes "willowy, anemic" heroines, and always makes his women warmblooded and ripe-blown. His favorite death-inducer: poisons.

Apparently Carr has never been at a loss for a plot. He once told a friend: "I've had exactly 120 complete plots outlined, for emergencies, since I was 11 years old." Some years ago he plotted a short story during a sandwich lunch which won a $2,000 prize in a mystery contest and sold to the movies for $5,000.

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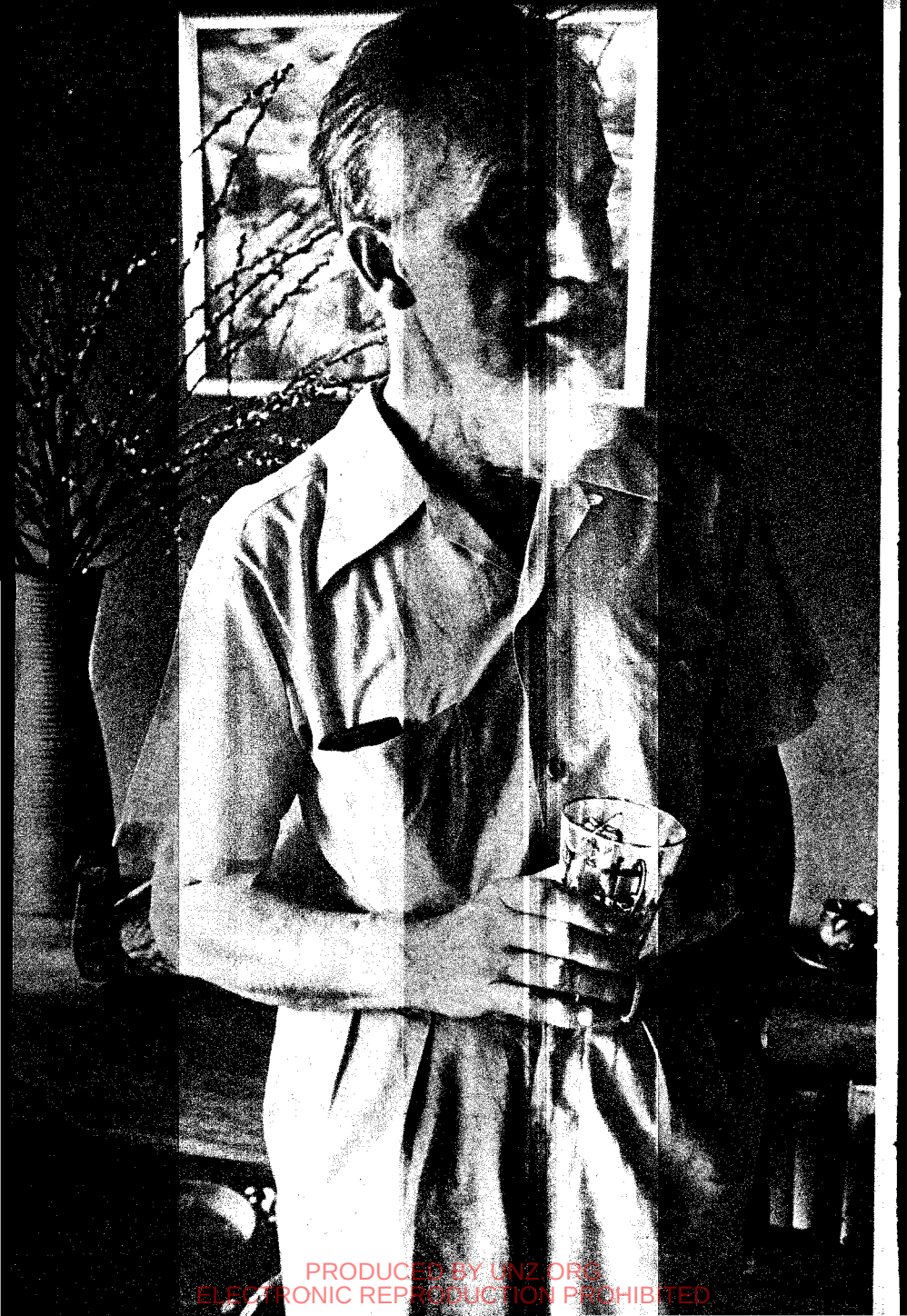

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Rex Stout

REX STOUT'S FATHER always allowed him to argue his case before receiving punishment, and he developed an agile mind. A whiz at mathematics, he toured Kansas, his home state, as a prodigy at 9 and later made a fortune by founding a school thrift program. Stout then retired from business to write his Nero Wolfe detective novels.

Stout's square-trimmed white beard is his protest against the energy and time squandered on shaving daily. At 69, he will argue any side for mental exercise, but he hates to lose an argument. To build the house he wanted—modeled after the palace of the Bey of Tunis—Stout studied masonry and supervised construction at Brewster, N.Y.

Working in the kitchen with his daughter, Stout prepares salad, using ingredients from his own vegetable garden.

With his son-in-law, Stout plans a new project in his carpentry workshop. He taught himself cabinetmaking and now builds household furniture as a hobby.

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Frances & Richard Lockridge

EVERY WRITING TEAM has its special mode of operation, and the Lockridges are no exception. Frances works out a plot outline and Richard does the actual writing. They met and married in 1922 while working on Kansas City newspapers, and later moved to New York City. There Dick covered the famed Hall-Mills and Snyder-Gray murder trials for the N.Y. *Sun* until he switched to drama reviewing. Now he concentrates on their "Mr. and Mrs. North" and Captain Heimrich mysteries.

In their Lewisboro, N. Y. home, Dick raises vegetables and Frances tends to flowers in their garden, but their real passion is cats. They own three Siamese—Martini, Gin and Sherry—prominent in the North series and four juvenile books.

Several times a week the Lockridges interrupt their work to lunch at a nearby Ridgefield, Conn., inn and to chat with their old friend, proprietor Walter Tode.

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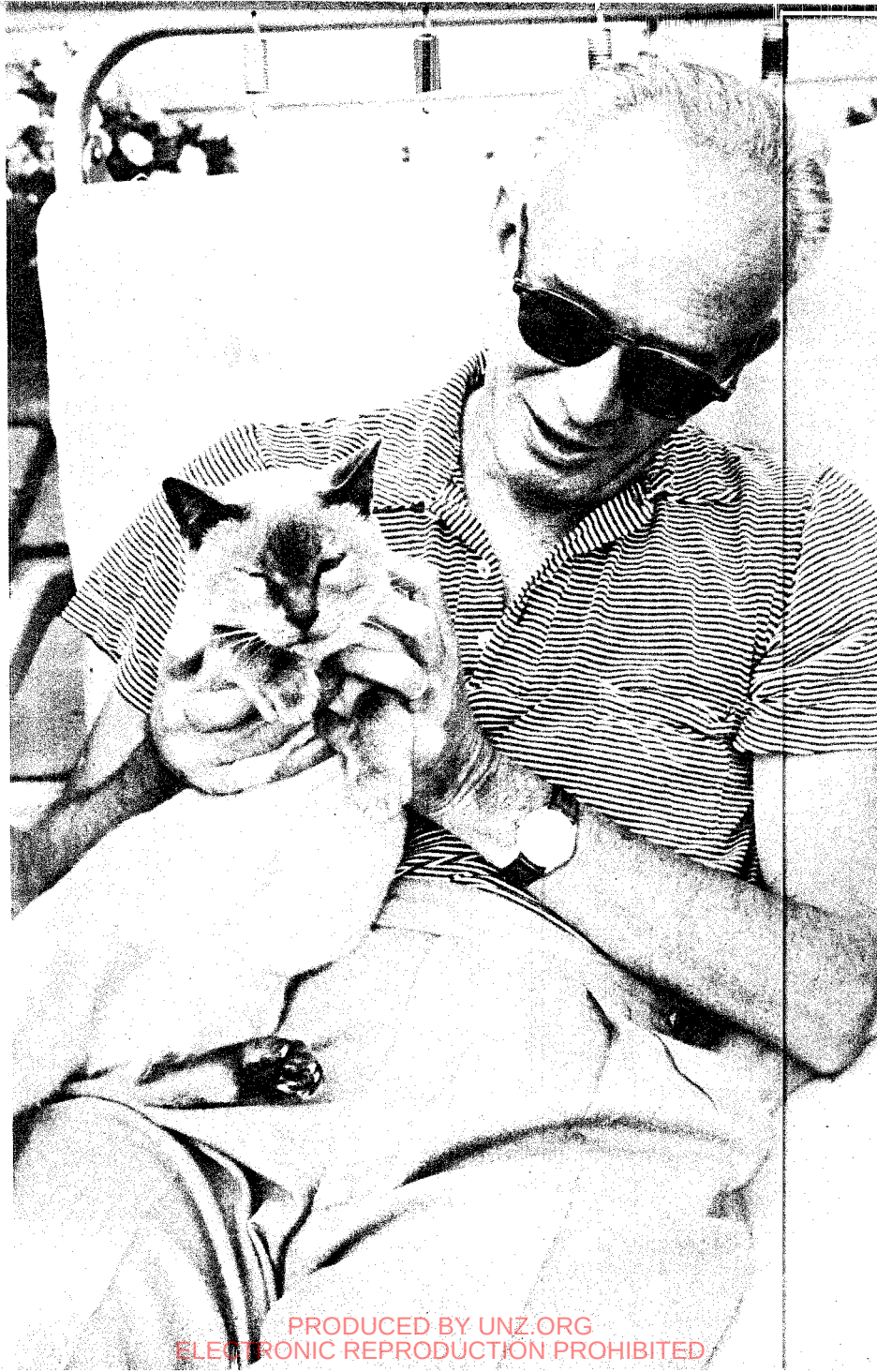

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From Larchmont, N. Y., Frederic Dannay *(left)* calls his cousin-collaborator, Manfred B. Lee in Roxbury, Conn., to discuss a snag in their new Ellery Queen plot.

Ellery Queen

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO, the art director of an advertising agency and his cousin, a movie publicity man, met for lunch in Manhattan. They discussed a mystery-story contest and the idea of collaborating on an entry. Eventually, the talk bore fruit (*The Roman Hat Mystery*). But although they won the contest, Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee never collected the prize money —the sponsoring firm folded.

By then, however, the die was cast. Working smoothly together, they continued producing Ellery Queen detective novels. Three years

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later, Dannay and Lee quit their jobs to concentrate on writing full-time, keeping Queen's identity a guarded secret for years.

They had searched for a name the book-buying public would remember and, to make doubly sure, made that the detective's name also —an innovation in the field. Dannay contributed "Ellery" (from a boyhood friend; he had been impressed with its individuality) and "Queen" was chosen for euphonious reasons.

Both gently but firmly refuse to divulge their method of collaboration. But to date, Dannay and Lee have written 48 books, and edited 35 others, with sales totalling over 30 million copies in all editions.

Their annual output includes one Ellery Queen novel, six to ten short stories, a mystery-story magazine and one short-story anthology, which is based on a yearly contest.

Dannay and Lee, born nine months apart to two Brooklyn sisters in 1905, have been friends all their lives. In their family—and to each other—they have always been "Danny" and "Manny." Bearing a close resemblance—both are medium-height, stocky and balding—they have startled people by the interlocking of their mental processes. "It's like talking to one man," a bewildered observer once noted.

Now living 80 miles apart, they communicate daily by telephone. Lee lives with his second wife and five children—ranging from 12 to 2 years old—on 63 acres in Roxbury, Conn. In this rustic setting, amid countless chickens, horses and cows, they make their own butter and pasteurized milk and he works on the mystery magazine and the Ellery Queen novels. Lee uses a small

Lee, with infant and daughter, watches wife and sons play game along their pond.

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es to read in bed as he looks for magazine Queen edits.

cottage on the property as a workroom and relaxes with his collection of some 4,000 classical records.

Dannay works in three rooms ("My library overflowed")—one for thinking, typing and editing. Devoted to the detective-mystery short story, he has the world's largest library of first editions in this field.

They have published, in anthologies and in their magazine, murder stories by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Walt Whitman and Abraham Lincoln. "The detective story is an art form," Dannay declares emphatically; "in time it will receive due recognition. There is too much snobbery in America about murder mysteries. The greatest writers, from Shakespeare to Hemingway, have been unable to resist writing about one of the most powerful emotions in life—the emotion found in situations involving murder."

chess with son Doug, 22 (now also trying his hand at writing) while ("Bill") kibitzes. Other son, Richard is, at 16, a talented magician.

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America's Happiest Hospital

At this unique $10,000,000 medical center, no patient ever gets a bill

by ANDREW HAMILTON

A YOUNG HUSBAND looked at his depleted bankbook as he walked into Sam Golter's office at the City of Hope. His wife, an 80-pound tubercular, had just been operated on for cancer of the breast.

"We can't pay just now," he said. "But we don't want charity..."

"This is a *free* hospital supported by private donations, the only one in the world," Golter said, smiling. "Nobody has ever paid a cent here."

Several months later, the cancer operation an apparent success and TB arrested, a radiant 110-pound woman walked out of the hospital.

The City of Hope in Duarte, Cal-

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ifornia, is a unique $10,000,000 medical center for treatment and research on such "killers" as cancer, leukemia, tuberculosis and heart disease.

Cost is never computed, but a stay in one of its 300 beds might be worth as much as $15,000. Treatment is free because of Golter's belief that such a financial drain would pauperize the average middle-class patient and his family.

Although founded by Jewish people and supported mainly by them, only about four in ten at the City of Hope are Jews. Patients must be referred by their doctors, and the primary criterion for entrance is: Can they be helped medically? A committee of doctors and social workers carefully considers each application.

Two classes of patients are not accepted: (1) cases beyond medical help, and (2) wealthy individuals who can pay for treatment elsewhere. Even so, the waiting list is heartbreakingly long.

The City of Hope, a complex of low, rambling buildings on an 85-acre oasis-green site, exists because of the dedication and vision of a remarkable individual: Samuel Harry Golter. A tall, vigorous man of 66, he's been described as a "three minute egg"—an easily-cracked shell of egotism with a soft-boiled heart inside.

Now executive vice-president of the City of Hope, Golter has been called "the most educated un-educated man in the United States." He could have been a success at practically anything he turned his hand to but happenstance made a medical-center builder out of him.

"I was lucky," he says. "I found out early what I wanted out of life—to be of service to my fellow man."

BORN IN Czarist Russia, 16-year-old Sam Golter arrived in Chicago in 1906 with $4 in his pocket. His first job, at $1 for a 12-hour day, was with a picture framer.

Smart, ambitious and a hard worker, by the age of 20 Sam was a superintendent in the Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothing factory. Nights he read hungrily and took extension courses at Northwestern University. During this period he became an American citizen.

When World War I broke out, Golter could have had a job in a gas-mask factory on Long Island. Instead, "because I was mad at the Kaiser," he enlisted in the Army and served as a private.

In 1920, he went to Warsaw with the Joint Distribution Committee, a private philanthropic agency. From there he travelled throughout Eastern Europe supervising the distribution of funds sent from people in the United States to friends and families in that area, and inspecting various institutions supported by the agency.

After six strenuous years of this, his health failed and he returned to the U. S. On an impulse, he boarded a California-bound ship for a much-needed rest.

Twenty miles east of Los Angeles in the hot, rocky foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains was a little sanatorium run by the Jewish Consumptive Relief Association of

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In their cheery garden-view rooms, patients watch TV and call nurses over a modern inter-com system

Southern California. A friend prevailed upon him to reorganize the place, and he took the job for three months. That was in 1926—he's been there ever since.

Golter soon found himself hurrying through his administrative duties to be with the patients. "I learned that the doomed, more than anything else, need a straw to grasp at," he says. "The song of hope can be played on many strings—and I developed an antipathy toward medical over-conservatism, especially where a human life was at stake." The sanatorium was among the pioneers in using the radical "lung collapse" surgery.

In 1933, at the depths of the Depression, the sanatorium was over $200,000 in the red; employees had not been paid for six months. Without professional fund-raising experience, Golter wiped out the debt.

"In those days he followed the institution's policy of 'build first and worry afterwards,' " his assistant, Rose Watts, declares. "He would say, 'If the cause is right, the money will come from somewhere'—and it did."

Fund-raising wasn't easy for him. Making a speech was a "personal nightmare." But gradually he improved, and today he'll make a speech at the clink of a water glass.

In his early fund-raising days, Golter developed an idea that was to provide a stable method of financing. When the sanatorium was founded—back in 1912—a group of Los Angeles women headed by Mahnia Silverberg rode out to Duarte carrying kettles of soup and homemade food to the patients. They also collected a little money.

Golter organized such groups in other communities and today there are more than 300 such auxiliaries in 26 states. Last year they raised something like 60 per cent of the City of Hope's $3,500,000 annual budget, the other 40 per cent coming from labor unions, manufacturing associations and fraternal organizations—thus making the City of Hope America's most democratic philanthropy.

It was through fund-raising that Golter met his wife, Rose Hoffman, a shy Canadian miss active in the work of the sanatorium.

"A pretty girl like you should be married," Golter, then a 43-year-old bachelor, told her. "Let me show you how to win a husband."

This, of course, required spending a good deal of time with Rose—taking her to fund-raising dances, parties and concerts—and on January 20, 1934, Golter found himself before a justice of the peace in Las Vegas saying, "I do."

During World War II, before

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streptomycin and isoniazid were known to be effective against tuberculosis, Sam Golter reached a bold decision based on his belief that TB was about to be conquered. The sanatorium should be transformed into a first-class medical research center—dedicated to saving and prolonging life but operated on the same free basis as before.

As he traveled about the country trying to enlist support for the medical center he envisioned, Golter had spoken of "a little city where there was hope for victims of catastrophic diseases—a city of hope." The name was adopted officially in 1949.

WITHIN TEN YEARS, without Federal subsidy, state funds, financing by foundations or invested capital, the $10,000,000 City of Hope has become one of America's leading medical centers. It is one of the few in the U. S. certified as a "Category 1 Cancer Hospital" by the American College of Surgeons. Although TB today is more or less under control, treatment in this field is continuing. Programs of research on the heart and chest are also under way.

The staff includes Dr. Alfred Goldman, nationally-known chest surgeon; Dr. Howard R. Bierman, outstanding cancer researcher from the University of California; Dr. Leo G. Rigler, radiologist on leave from the University of Minnesota; Dr. Riojun Kinosita, Japanese cancer authority. More than 100 specialists from all over southern California are consultants.

Golter's evangelical dedication to the center is reflected by almost everyone connected with it—from Victor Carter, a wealthy Los Angeles businessman who is the non-paid president, to the lowest-paid janitor.

Golter drives himself mercilessly, and expects everyone around him to keep pace. As one employee said, "He's always reaching for the moon and thinks you're disloyal if you're not doing the same."

What makes Sam Golter one of the world's unique personalities, however, is his philosophy with regard to patients. Free medical care is only one aspect. His credo is, "There is no profit in curing the body if in the process we destroy the soul." To him, the dignity of the individual is the most precious thing on earth.

Instead of blueprinting a skyscraper hospital, Golter insisted that all rooms be on the ground floor—so that patients might enjoy eye-level views of trees, flowers and birds. There are no wards—and no more than two beds to a room. Every room is warmly decorated, and most of them are equipped with television and radio earphones.

When the Children's Wing was built recently, Golter ruled that parents were welcome at all hours. Each child's room is named for a Walt Disney cartoon character and the walls are appropriately decorated.

The word "charity" is sternly forbidden at the City of Hope. Once Golter heard a doctor snap at a patient, "What do you expect for nothing?" He fired the M.D. on the spot.

When the City of Hope accepts

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a patient, he is treated not only for his primary ailment, but gets what amounts to a "complete overhaul." If his teeth should be fixed, a hernia operated on, new eyeglasses fitted or a skin rash cleared up, it's automatically done. If he needs psychiatric treatment, family counselling, or a job, that also is arranged. Those who need it are quietly given a small envelope each week, containing a little cash. Even though it isn't much, it eliminates the indignity of being penniless.

City of Hope's patients come from all over the U. S.—and occasionally from as far away as Alaska, the Philippines and India. One Japanese businessman spent a year unsnarling red tape so that he might come to Duarte and have his tubercular lungs treated.

In February, 1951, Sam Golter himself was stricken with cancer. One operation was performed, but the malignancy remained and another was necessary. Doctors gave him a 50-50 chance to survive.

Golter called in his secretary and dictated long memos to his administrative staff—outlining in detail the growth of the City of Hope for the next 25 years. He also threatened to "come back and haunt" anyone who failed to carry out his philosophy. But he made a miraculous recovery and today is operating at fire-engine speed again.

What has Golter received from his 30-year stint with the City of Hope? Not material wealth, certainly. His salary has been a modest one. He lives in a comfortable, yet far from pretentious home. His fund-raising swings around the country have kept him away from his wife and daughter for long periods of time.

But Golter does possess the affection of thousands of persons he has helped—plus the satisfaction of knowing that he has built America's happiest hospital and founded a unique program of patient care.

Most success stories of immigrants are told in terms of making a million dollars in business or industry. Sam Golter's is in terms of service to his fellow men and an almost religious respect for human dignity. The City of Hope will long stand as his monument.

Sour Service

A NEW MEMBER OF a wealthy suburban community, after inviting a prominent local gourmet to dinner, carefully instructed his new maid how to serve each course, ending with:

"Please remember to serve the fish whole, with tail and head, and a slice of lemon in the mouth."

The maid, following instructions to the letter, bore the fish triumphantly to the table complete with tail and head, and in her mouth she carried a slice of lemon.

—A. M. A. *Journal*

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Amelia Earhart's Last Flight

by Jack Pitman

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CORONET

When this courageous woman vanished, the world was shocked—and baffled. Now, nearly 20 years later, her disappearance is still a mystery

On SATURDAY, July 3, 1937, the nation learned with shocked disbelief that its most famous woman flyer was missing. Amelia Earhart Putnam and her navigator, Capt. Fred Noonan, nearing the end of a globe-girdling attempt in her $80,000 twin-motored Lockheed Electra "flying laboratory," vanished somewhere in mid-Pacific.

Aviation, in 1937, was just emerging from its primitive stage. Lindbergh had been first to fly the Atlantic solo only ten years before, Miss Earhart the first woman five years later; and the public followed the progress of her plane with breathless interest.

Taking off from Miami on June 1, Amelia and her navigator hopped to Puerto Rico. Then to Brazil, across the Atlantic to Africa, and on to India, Australia and New Guinea; in all, 22,000 miles. From Lae, New Guinea, they took off on the longest and most perilous flight of their trip—the 2,556-mile hop to Howland Island, a fleck of mid-Pacific coral just north of the Equator, less than two miles long and rising no more than a few feet above the sea.

On Friday, July 2, Honolulu received a radio message from Amy: fuel enough for only another half-hour aloft—no land in sight. The flyers had presumably overshot Howland.

The S-O-S touched off what probably was the largest, most intensive sea hunt ever made. In a short time, the Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* raced off from Howland. A Navy flying boat was dispatched from Honolulu, followed by another cutter.

Within hours, all available Pacific-based destroyers and Navy fighter planes were in on the search. And from San Diego, California, the aircraft carrier *Lexington*, with 62 planes on its flight deck, also steamed to the hunt.

To publisher George Palmer Putnam, the man Amy married in 1931, the news was a personal tragedy not altogether unexpected. It became especially poignant when he recalled his wife's pledge to give up "record" flights after satisfying her life's dream—the conquest of the globe at the Equator.

It was Putnam who sought official help, appealing directly to President Roosevelt. The plea was passed along to Navy Secretary Swanson, and the search ordered.

By Sunday, approximately 58 planes were poised to hunt for the missing flyers. Those that went up, however, soon returned, driven back by an impossible snow and sleet storm.

Next morning the Coast Guard station at Howland picked up what it believed were radio signals from the Electra when it monitored "a man's voice, or the voice of a woman with a cold." Just phrases, fragmentary and weak, but it was

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the first official sign that Amy and Fred might still be alive.

Their plane was equipped with a rubber lifeboat and life jackets, and if its set-down hadn't been too violent, it was altogether possible that Amy, who up to then had survived half a dozen crackups, had come through this one.

AMELIA EARHART, the woman who overnight became the focus of the civilized world, was born in 1898, in Atchison, Kansas. Her father was an attorney and railroad agent. The family moved to Chicago where Amy graduated from high school. She was a brilliant student, later learning to communicate in five languages and going on to advanced work in biology at Columbia University. She also attended the University of Southern California, where she studied photography.

She saw the inside of a plane for the first time when she was 22, and was soloing after only ten hours of instruction. Within a short time afterwards, she had set a woman's altitude mark of 14,000 feet and, in 1923, she became the first woman to win the coveted license of the *Fédération Aeronautique Internationale*. By 1928 she had logged several hundred hours of flight time, mostly in wobbly second-or third-hand single-engine "Jennys."

Amy raced across the continent a dozen times in both directions, setting new records as she went. She was awarded Congress' Distinguished Flying Cross, and made a *Chevalier* of the French Legion of Honor.

Amy had two main reasons for wanting to fly. First, the lure of it was irresistible. She was asked many times while preparing for the world flight, "Why?" Always she replied simply, "Because I want to."

Further amplification of that comes from a letter Putnam received from Amy before a dangerous flight —a letter he was to open only if it proved to be her last one. "Please know," she explained, "I am quite aware of the hazards. I want to do it— because I want to do it. Women must try to do things as men have tried. When they fail, then failure must be but a challenge to others."

Secondly, the clinical aspect interested her. How did flying affect flyers? Aviation, she felt, stressed its mechanical and economic problems far more than its human ones, and far too disproportionately.

The unquenchable passion to do great airborne things did not really ignite in her until 1928, when she received a phone call at the Boston settlement house where she was doing social work. A man's voice asked abruptly, "Would you like to fly the Atlantic?"

A socially-prominent London woman was sponsoring the trip in a tri-motored seaplane called *Friendship*, as flimsy as it looked. Amy was to go strictly as a guest—no piloting —with a male pilot and mechanic. The voice on the phone belonged to George Palmer Putnam. The crossing was a success and Amy became the first woman to span the Atlantic by air.

Amelia Earhart was not a pretty woman, by popular criteria. Alert, almond-shaped eyes and full lips featured her face; but in its con-

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tours were etched sensitivity, perception and spirituality.

When the Electra winged from Miami to Puerto Rico, her choppy but vivid log-book recorded cloud shadows "like giant flowers, dark on the green sea....Curtains of rain clouds aloft...."

THE SEARCH for this 38-year-old legend with freckles continued. On Tuesday, July 6, the *Itasca* reported sighting flares about 280 miles north of Howland. Hope, sparked earlier by the radio signals, revived. But the "flares" turned out to be nothing more than reflections of meteors near the horizon.

On Saturday, the *Lexington*, escorted by three destroyers, neared the search area; and by Monday over 126 planes were engaged in the hunt. It was the peak of Uncle Sam's effort—and it was fruitless.

For several months after the Navy officially called off its search, the newspapers reported "ham" radio operators who picked up what they felt sure were signals from the Electra's radio. The Navy, however, always expressed official doubt.

In August, a former seaman named Wilbur Rothar walked into Putnam's New York office and declared that Amy was alive. He promised that for $2,000 she would be returned home.

According to his bizarre tale, he had been on a ship which chanced to drop anchor at a small South Pacific island. There, several crew members found Amy's wrecked plane with Noonan's body lying on a wing. Amy was nearby, alive but "out of her mind." She was carried aboard the ship where a doctor treated her, and it wasn't until they docked at Panama that anyone realized who she might be.

The next day, after partially completing the financial transaction, Rothar was seized by FBI agents as he left Putnam's office. He readily admitted his story was a hoax.

Amelia Earhart was declared officially dead by a Los Angeles court on January 5, 1939. The action was taken at Putnam's request because he wanted his wife's estate of nearly $50,000 set up in a trust fund for Amy's mother, as provided in her will.

The court declaration did not put an end to speculation about Amy. For several years, one popular theory of her disappearance held that she and Noonan were captured by the Japanese, who decided the pair were too close to their military fortifications. It was a theory the Navy repeatedly debunked—before and after World War II.

Still others clung to the illogical hope that perhaps they had somehow managed to reach a "neutral" island where they were marooned amidst a tropic paradise. If that were so, it was a paradise lost.

ONE OF THE GREATEST satisfactions in life comes from being able to park on what's left of the other fellow's nickel. —*Central of Georgia Magazine*

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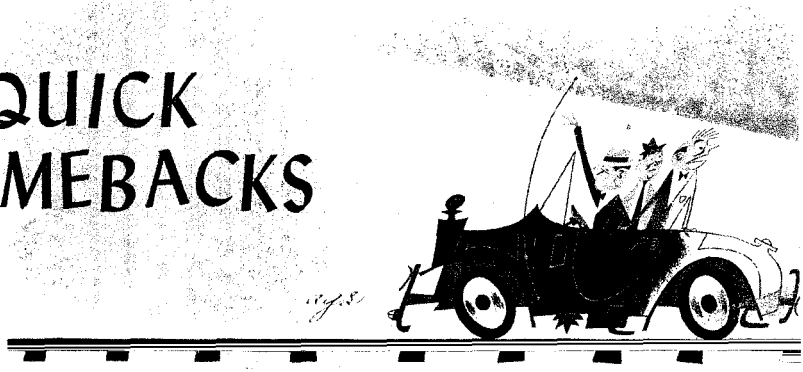
QUICK COMEBACKS



THREE MEN were driving through the countryside very late on a pitch black night. Two were in the front seat and the other in the back, half asleep.

Suddenly the driver asked the man in the back to look out the rear window and see who the crazy driver was behind them. For the past five minutes he had been trying to let him pass and, to top it off, his car had only one light on.

The man looked out the back and then said very excitedly: "No wonder he can't pass you—he's on tracks!" —JOSEPH J. GILROY

"GIVE ME an example of unremunerative outlay of capital," the professor of political economy said to his class.

While the star students hesitated, a young man at the back of the room suggested: "Taking your sister out on a date." —ANNA SELBY

WHILE VISITING in a small New England town, I was asked by a neighbor to stop at the general store for a package of a new kind of cookie her children especially liked. I did so, but the storekeeper told me somewhat shortly that he had none. Surprised, I said that a neighbor had bought some just the other day and asked if he expected to order more.

"Certainly not," he snapped. "They sell out so fast it don't pay to keep 'em." —GRACE I. SCOTT

FLOWER LOVERS we are; but gardeners, no. Hence our beautifully blooming gardenia plants have been the perennial surprise and envy of friends and neighbors. Our once-a-week gardener summed up our success when he informed us quite seriously, "I figure it this way. You folks give 'em just the right amount of neglect." —MIRIAM G. PIEQUET

WHILE WAITING for a bus on New York's Fifth Avenue, I noticed a woman looking another over from head to toe. When she finally completed her appraisal, the victim smiled and asked cheerfully, "Well —what's the verdict?" —C. V. ROUSE

A BACKWOODS character out our way was guiding a city-bred angler one afternoon. The boat was frail and narrow and the water exceedingly choppy. Finally the fisherman asked worriedly, "Do you

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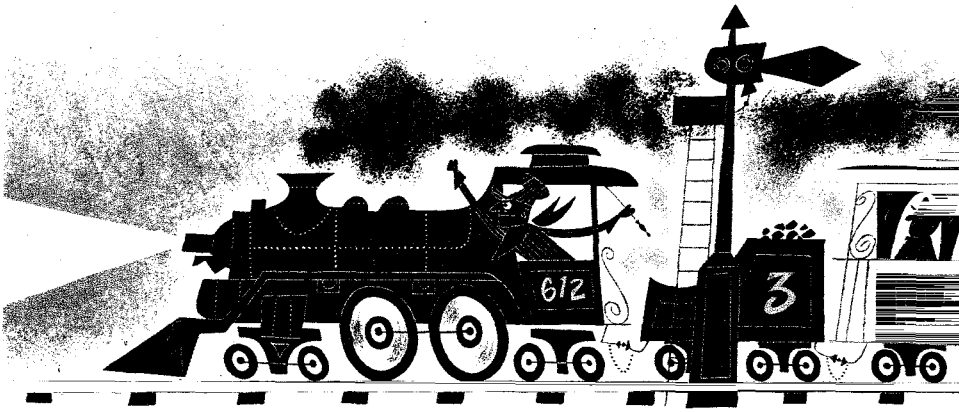

think there's a chance that this boat might tip over?"

"No," was the prompt reply. Then, after thinking it over a moment, the guide added: "But you'd better keep yer cigarette in the middle of yer mouth." —FLORENCE FERN

A WHITE-HAIRED GENTLEMAN arose from a barber's chair in a shop off New York's Times Square, looked at himself in the mirror and remarked, "You certainly give good haircuts in this country."

"Thank you, sir," said the barber, pleased. "What country are you from?"

The gentleman replied: "Tennessee." —JOY CARTER

DURING AN OFFICE "coffee break," a group of secretaries was discussing capital punishment. One, asked whether she would prefer electrocution or the gas chamber, answered: "Not gas! Gas makes me sick!" —SYLVIA TAYLOR

THE DOCTOR, who had just finished an elderly man's annual checkup, said with a laugh, "Well, old timer, I can't seem to find a thing wrong with you, but I recommend that you give up half your love life."

After a long pause, during which the patient appeared to be in deep thought, he replied, "Doctor, which half do you recommend I give up, thinking about it—or talking about it?" —JOHN M. THOMPSON

A HAPPY bridal couple in our town had just driven away from the church when they heard the angry shrill of a state trooper's siren. Embarrassed, the groom pulled over to the curb and asked what he had done.

"Nothing," said the trooper, "but I've been in front of the church for two hours directing traffic for your wedding.

"Now I want my chance to kiss the bride!" —MARY MACOMBER

MY UNCLE STEVE is a real character. One day while talking with him on his small Virginia farm an airplane flew over. I knew he had never been in a plane and asked casually: "Uncle Steve, how would you like to be up there with him?" Uncle Steve said instantly: "Rather be up there with 'im than to be up there without 'im." —JACK L. GLENN

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A Touch of

Behind Danny Kaye's brilliant mimicry and frenetic gibberish lurks a profound understanding of human nature

BECAUSE Danny Kaye's red hair and pink face are almost as well known as the faces on your money, the employee identification card handed him recently at the Paramount film studios was more of a formality than a gate pass.

Danny took a long look at the word "Actor" beside his name. Then suddenly his face assumed an expression of bland idiocy, his blue eyes popped and he broke into a dervish dance, exclaiming: "Well, flay say, git gat gittle de geep peep. Gloopty gloop and fiddle de roop!"

Which was to say, simply and succinctly, that he was delighted someone had finally hit upon a one-word description of his professional activities, after 27 years of confusion.

The late George Bernard Shaw once told him: "If you have your way, you'll do away with authors. You do whatever comes into your head." (Danny returned the compliment quickly: "You're a better actor than all of us.")

The wiry, 43-year-old funnyman has been described as "a modern Pied Piper," "a magician," and "the Grand Young Man of show business." The truth is, he does a little bit of everything. He sings enough to get by. He dances so well that choreographer Robert Alton didn't have to change one dance routine when Danny took over Donald O'Connor's part in "White Christmas." He tells stories. But mostly, it seems, he makes love to his audience.

Danny himself explains this quite simply: "I give the audience some ripples of emotion, and it comes back in waves."

This philosophy works, apparently, all over the world. London audiences, famed for their reserve, had to be reminded by Kaye that it was time for the last bus. They shouted back: "We'll walk!"

Kaye's energy matches his fans' enthusiasm. On a recent round-the-world tour, he managed somehow to combine all of these activities:

He played six weeks of vaudeville dates in South Africa.

He publicized his movie, "Knock on Wood."

He visited United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund projects in Hong Kong, New Delhi, Rangoon, Bangkok and Manila, as "ambassador-at-large" for UNICEF.

He made a color motion picture

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Pagliacci

by GRADY JOHNSON

on the Fund's work while there, which he later narrated, called "Assignment: Children."

This work for the UNICEF is a side of Danny Kaye the world knows little about. Long a champion of the underdog, he was given B'nai B'rith's Award for Humanitarian Service after returning from Korea, where he entertained 17,000 GIs at one performance and went on to the foxholes at the front to put on shows for little groups here and there.

The routines for which he is now world-famous are the outgrowth of an even less inhibited but cruder entertainment form with which he started his career. And then, as now, he had difficulty describing his act to prospective employers.

"Well, what *do* you do?" demanded one exasperated vaudeville booker.

"I toomle—at resort hotels."

Toomling, he explained, was the art of creating tumult. When guests inquired about travel reservations home, Kaye and his kind would go into action.

Besides waiting on tables and working in nightly shows, they fell into the swimming pool fully clothed,

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Danny says, with deep admiration, "My wife Sylvia has a fine head on my shoulders."

screamed, danced, chased one another across the dining room with knives—anything to laugh a guest out of leaving.

It didn't occur to the booker that if toomling could keep people in a hotel, it could keep them in a theater. "I wasn't a singer, dancer or comedian, so he didn't hire me," Kaye recalls.

Yet today, millions love him as a singing, dancing comedian. A quiet, serious introvert off stage, Kaye becomes a babbling jack-in-the-box who works himself into a frenzy in two-hour performances that leave him dripping with perspiration. A critic once wrote that his audiences would not let him leave the stage. This, says Danny, is not true.

"You can always get off. It's just that it's pleasant to stay on."

KAYE was born David Daniel Kominski on January 18, 1913, in Brooklyn, the youngest son of Russian immigrant Jacob Kominski. At five, he used to entertain his parents' guests with imitations of themselves so embarrassingly accurate that he was sent from the room.

When his mother died, he quit Thomas Jefferson High School and worked briefly as an insurance adjuster. Bitten by the stage bug, he tried to get on as an amateur in his own neighborhood, unsuccessfully. Then he drifted into the Borscht Circuit, that string of summer hotels in the Catskills, waited on tables, took part in musicals, chopped wood, cleaned the swimming pool and toomled.

During his fourth summer, in 1934, Kaye signed for "La Vie Paree" and toured the Far East. In Tokyo, he was in 16 of the 18 acts, singing, dancing, playing comedy and straight man. Much of his pantomime style was developed in the Orient when he had to find a way to surmount language barriers.

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Back on the Borscht Circuit he met Sylvia Fine, a comely dark-haired girl who played the piano and composed unpublished songs when not demonstrating canned soup in grocery stores. She listened to Kaye sing, watched him dance, and later told friends, "I have met a genius. I am going to marry him." She did—in January, 1940.

When he was booked into New York's La Martinique nightclub, Miss Fine, something of a genius herself, wrote a routine for him as a feminine French hat designer who manifested his dislike of women by deliberately fashioning grotesque apparel for them.

"You don't exactly 'write' for Danny," Mrs. Kaye points out. "You give him the words, the music and the general idea, and let him toomle it out in his own way."

This hat act, "Anatole of Paris," led Kaye to a major role in the stage version of "Lady in the Dark." Toomling from a merry-go-round horse, he sang Ira Gershwin's *Tschaikovsky* song so hilariously that the star, Gertrude Lawrence, was pressed to keep him from stealing the show.

Signed by Goldwyn to a film contract, Danny was a hit in his first film, "Up In Arms," and followed with "Wonder Man," "The Kid from Brooklyn," "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," and "A Song Is Born." His contract up, he did "The Inspector General" for Warners, "On The Riviera" for 20th Century-Fox, and returned to Goldwyn for "Hans Christian Andersen."

He now has a working arrangement with Paramount Pictures, for whom he made "White Christmas" with Bing Crosby. "The Court Jester," a satire on medieval knights, was made by Danny's own company, Dena Productions, in which he is partnered with his wife, and Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, a writing-directing-producing team.

Despite his phenomenal success, many feel that Kaye has still not hit his peak, but is rapidly approaching it. "Besides being able to tear up a stage in comic routines," says Director Charles Vidor, "he has learned to tear at your heart as a restrained, sensitive actor."

Like many comedians, Kaye has periods of great gloom. He calls

He creates tumult in "Knock on Wood."

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them his "depressive spells." The only way he can snap out of these moods is to start singing or dancing, or hear laughter. If his curly-haired nine-year-old daughter Dena is near, he attempts to make her laugh. If she does, everything is fine. If she doesn't—and she is a severe critic to whom he talks as an adult—he sinks deeper.

Needing the stimulus of live audiences, Danny never has grown accustomed to working without them in movies. Says Sammy Prager, his rotund pianist, "On stage, before a live audience, you never know what he will do. I just watch and try to keep up."

Danny never fails to give his wife credit for much of his success. As he puts it, "Sylvia has a fine head on my shoulders."

Kaye always needs a haircut, hates to go to the barber. He smokes little, cannot drink because he gets sick, will not gamble except on his golf, worries unnecessarily about his health. The rarer the disease, the surer he is that he has it. He invests his money in bonds, and lives on a small allowance from his attorney, who handles his finances.

Six feet tall, weighing 160, Kaye is slender and muscular, and has a profile which would permit him to play romantic parts if he cared to keep a straight face for it.

He is a Pagliacci kind of clown, this other Kaye. On a New York street a little girl asked for his autograph in a peculiar squeaky voice. He took her home to find out what was wrong with her. Learning from her parents that she had a mental speech block, he sent her to the best doctor he knew and paid the bill.

He never tries to impress people, he says, because the only time he tried it did not work. Shortly after his first Broadway success, he bought a long shiny limousine and drove it around his old Brooklyn neighborhood to let the gang see how he wore success. When no one commented on the car, he resolved never to do a thing like that again.

He dislikes pompous people and his pointed imitations of them are deflating to the point of slander. Even Kaye, himself, is not safe from a Kaye imitation. "Whenever I suspect I'm acting important, I do an imitation of myself for myself. Makes me feel clean again."

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 85)

The passage was taken from Stephen Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky." Here are the words Crane chose:
1. rounded; 2. heavy; 3. flamed; 4. hunted; 5. creeping; 6. midnight; 7. straws; 8. electric; 9. played; 10. hammering; 11. demanded; 12. imperturbable; 13. contemptuously; 14. spinning; 15. lithely; 16. swore at; 17. comfortably; 18. fusilladed; 19. playing; 20. toy.

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GOLDEN GLOVER

Waiting tensely in his dressing room for his bout, a young boxer props his chin on a taped fist and reflects on the steps that brought him this far. His face mirrors all his aching doubts—and dreams of glory.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ORLANDO

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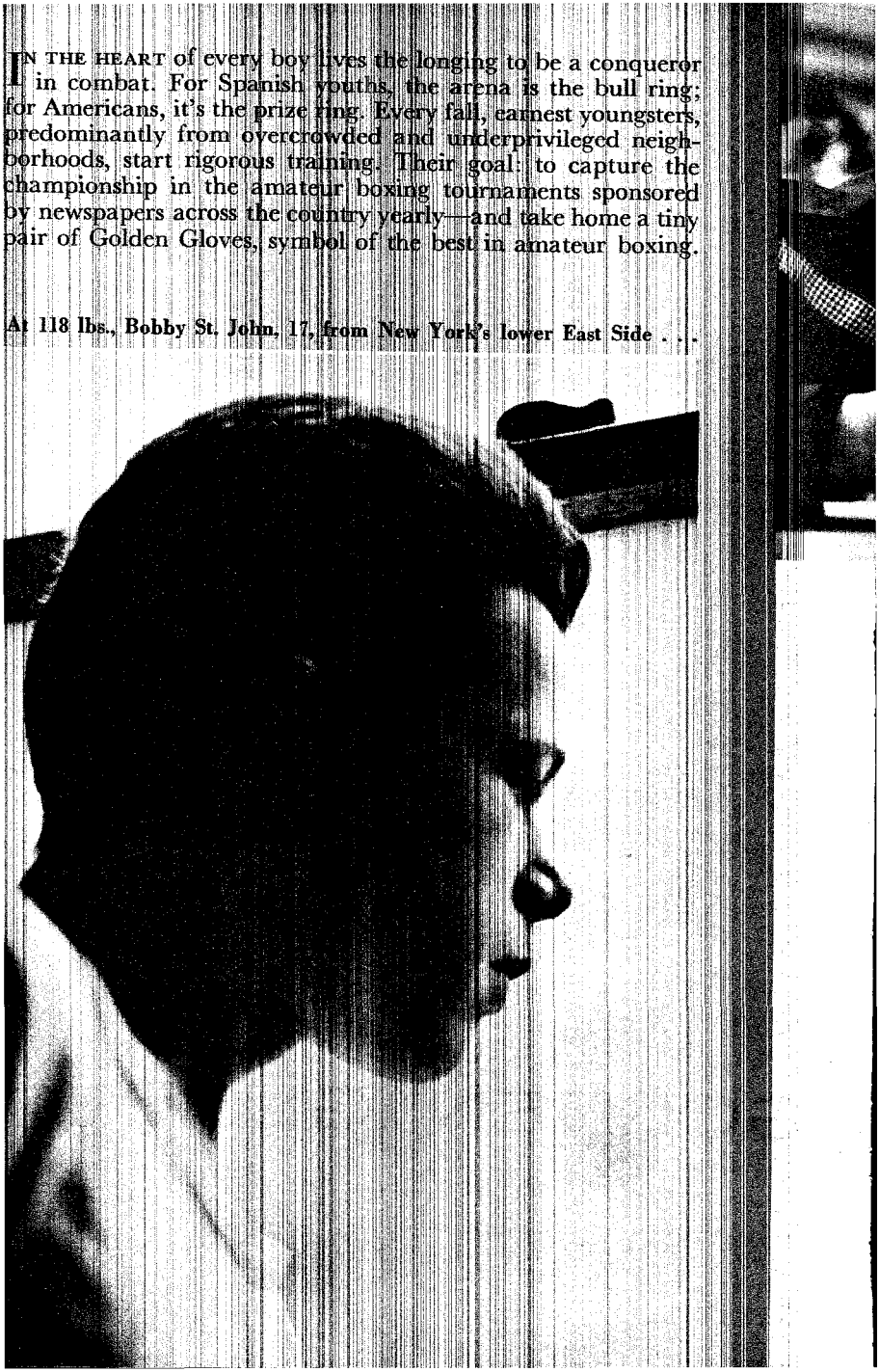
IN THE HEART of every boy lives the longing to be a conqueror in combat. For Spanish youths, the arena is the bull ring; for Americans, it's the prize ring. Every fall, earnest youngsters, predominantly from overcrowded and underprivileged neighborhoods, start rigorous training. Their goal: to capture the championship in the amateur boxing tournaments sponsored by newspapers across the country yearly—and take home a tiny pair of Golden Gloves, symbol of the best in amateur boxing.

At 118 lbs., Bobby St. John, 17, from New York's lower East Side . . .



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One of seven children, Bobby completed high school, works for publishing house as mail clerk to help support family. He tells date his ambition: to be Champ.

Bobby's younger brothers try to emulate his training exercises. At 12, Richard has done well by Bobby's pointers: he is a 65-pound Boys' Athletic Champion.

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Sparring with headgear under the eye of PAL coaches, Bobby lear
maneuvering his squat, bull-like body to get inside his taller o

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He slugs the 100-lb. bag, sweating heavi
to perfect punches—uppercuts, hooks, ja

to bob and weave,
ponent's left guard.

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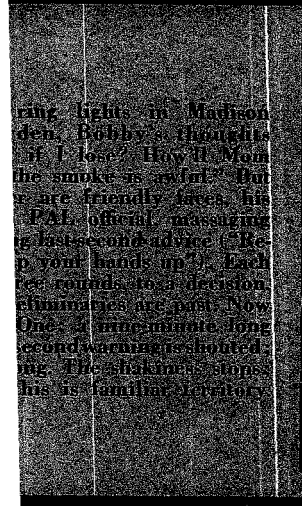
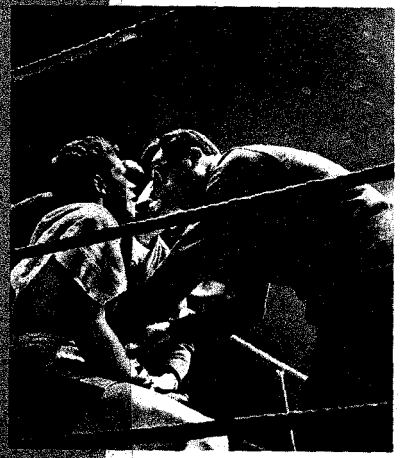
And at last, after months of workouts, the pay-off night arrives. Joking and horseplay don't calm his jittery stomach or ease breathing that comes hard.



ring lights in Madison
den, Bobby's thoughts
of Joe? How'll Mom
the smoke as usual? But
are friendly faces, his
PAL official massaging
last-second advice ("Re
your hands up"). Each
ree rounds, to a decision,
chummies are past. Now
One! A minute long
econd warnings shouted
ng. The shaking stops;
his is familiar territory.



All dressed up for the occasion, St. John's parents sweat it out with him at ringside. Mom tugs nervously on a handkerchief but Pop, who took time off from his job as restaurant manager, hides his anxiety.

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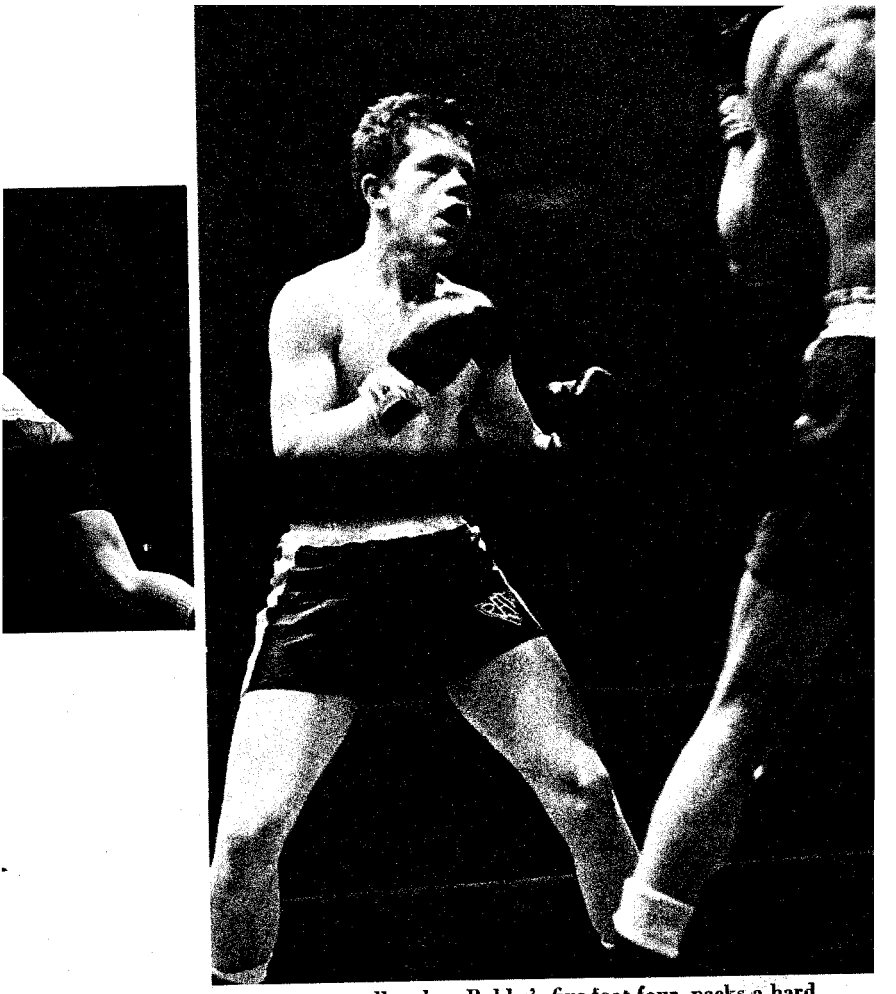

His opponent, taller than Bobby's five-foot-four, packs a hard right. Bobby shoots a left hook, drops him in the first round.

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The fight goes full three rounds, and Bobby wins the decision. On the way to dressing room, he stops to kiss Mom, who's very relieved, and winks at beaming Pop.

Bobby shines up trophies won in club fights as kid brothers watch admiringly. Now he has a bigger dream: to box in the 1956 Olympics. But whether or not he makes it, Bobby knows nothing can top the elation he felt the night he won a miniature pair of Golden Gloves.

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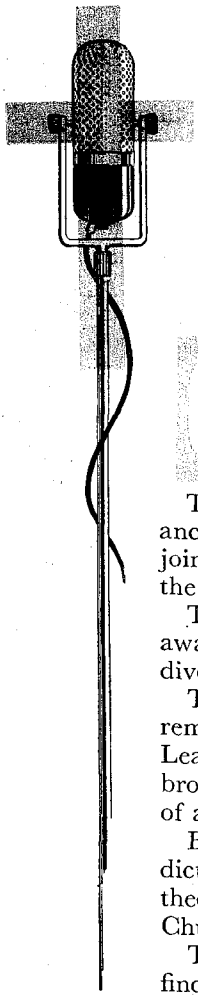
The Word in 56 Languages



by GRAHAM MARK

For over 25 years, The Lutheran Hour's stirring message has inspired troubled people everywhere

ON A SUNDAY recently a preacher was thundering over the radio against adultery. While millions listened in their homes, a man was driving along a lonely country road to meet a woman of easy morals. He too was listening, on his car radio.

The words he heard turned his lust to fear, then to repentance. Five minutes later he made a U-turn; five days later he joined the church and began a new Christian life. He wrote the radio program about it.

That same day, in an adjoining state, another listener put away a shotgun he had loaded to blow out the brains of his divorced wife. He too wrote the program.

These letters, and millions of others, are in the files of a remarkable 39-year-old organization, the Lutheran Laymen's League, sponsor of the first regular religious program to be broadcast on radio. The program is *The Lutheran Hour*, pioneer of all the church programs on the air today.

Behind the League stands one of America's most contradictory religious groups—a strange blend of fiercely orthodox theology and enlightened social philosophy. It is The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod.

Those who know of the Synod's rigid adherence to doctrine find it hard to believe that one of its bodies, the Lutheran Human Relations Association in America, recently urged colleges to force fraternities and sororities to eliminate race and nationality restrictions.

The story of the Missouri Synod goes back to 1839, when the first Lutherans arrived from Germany and settled in Perry

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County, Missouri. Eight years later, 37 of their leaders, zealous for "the pure and uncorrupted explanation of the divine word," met in Chicago and combined their 12 congregations and 22 ministers in the Missouri Synod.

Those early builders of the Synod had missionary ardor in full measure, but even they could not have foreseen today's 5,000 churches and more than 2,000,000 members; or that the Synod would become a leader in the use of a yet unborn medium of communication.

It was the 85,000-member Lutheran Laymen's League, composed largely of shrewd Midwest businessmen and farmers, that helped the Synod become the second largest Lutheran body in the country. In 1930, perhaps the most important year of the Synod's history, the League started *The Lutheran Hour* over a 32-station network, "to bring Christ to a troubled world."

The Hour's first speaker, Dr. Walter A. Maier, urged listeners to "cultivate a faith built on the sure promises of the Bible, not on hoarded wealth and guilt-edged investments." Nevertheless, it was lack of wealth and investments, "guilt-edged" or otherwise, that almost starved *The Lutheran Hour* in its cradle. Radio time was monstrously expensive, and in 1931 the program went off the air.

But the Lutherans had faith in the program and by 1935 they had raised enough money to get it back on the air.

Almost immediately, it became clear that they had been right in thinking the depression-ridden public was in the mood for a hard-hitting religious program. Four years later it went international, and today *The Lutheran Hour* is heard over 1,250 stations, in 56 languages and in 65 countries. More than 20,000,000 listen in each week, and the yearly letter count stands at well over half a million.

Many of the listeners are behind the Iron Curtain. Recently, a speaker ventured the hope that listeners would say "Amen" to a declaration of faith in God. During the next few days, hundreds of postcards arrived from behind the Curtain. All were unsigned, naturally, and bore just one word: "Amen."

MUCH of the program's success in its early years is attributed to Dr. Maier, a flamboyant man of God who apparently never really believed he could be heard on the air unless he shouted at the top of his lungs.

Nor was he one to spare the sinners. He never minced words. In the broadcasting booth he would strip to his undershirt for greater comfort, caring not for dignity where the work of God was concerned. At his death in 1950, even unbelievers who had smarted under his words had come to respect him as a devoted and selfless servant of Christ.

To millions, Dr. Maier was *The Lutheran Hour*. With his passing, the program seemed to lose much of its impact, although the various guest speakers who followed were outstanding ministers.

Then last September a new and vibrant voice was heard, and word

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Radio stations in Japan alone receive more than 200,000 letters a year from listeners

spread that *The Lutheran Hour* was back on the rails. The voice belonged to Dr. Oswald Hoffmann, an unusual combination of good-natured, relaxed extrovert, scholar and passionate man of the Lord.

Dr. Hoffmann is more than six feet tall and heavy-set but he moves swiftly and easily. His broad face and high forehead are reminiscent of the late author, Thomas Wolfe. Also like Wolfe, he possesses great physical vigor which comes over the airwaves with dramatic effect. Yet he manages to avoid histrionics, and he attracts the educated and sophisticated as well as the average listener. At 42, Dr. Hoffmann has a highly successful record as director of public relations for the Missouri Synod, a job he retains.

The son of a Nebraska minister, Dr. Hoffmann holds degrees in the arts and divinity, and was ordained in 1939. For seven years he taught Latin and Greek, gradually becoming a key figure in Missouri Synod counsels. When *The Lutheran Hour* situation became crucial, Dr. Hoffmann got the call.

Since his radio ministry began, Dr. Hoffmann has had to spend much of his time away from his wife Marcia and their four children, Peter, Paul, John, and Katherine Ann who was born three weeks before he took over the program.

Dr. Hoffmann is fiercely determined that the Synod shall get the last penny of value from a radio program that costs $1,300,000 a year. And "value" to Dr. Hoffmann lies in the Biblical injunction to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

About half the program's budget goes for foreign broadcasts. For most, transcriptions are made in this country by multi-lingual ministers or United Nations translators. The results have been excellent. Japanese stations, for instance, draw 200,000 letters yearly, and 90 per cent of the writers enroll in the Bible Correspondence Course offered during the program. Radio Goa receives letters in such Indian regional languages as Gujarati, Kanarese, Marathi, Punjabi, Pushtu, Tamil, Telugu and Urdu. Radio Ceylon has received mail from Iceland, half a world away.

In the U. S., *The Lutheran Hour* usually originates from Station KFUO on the campus of Concordia Seminary in St. Louis. The Mutual network and a number of independent stations carry it at varying hours every Sunday to every state of the Union. In Texas, 56 stations use the program; North Carolina is runner-up with 36.

A substantial portion of the mail from listeners comes to the League's St. Louis office where 75 full-time employees are kept busy handling

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it and other *Lutheran Hour* business. Many of the letters seek personal advice; and these are either answered from the St. Louis office by clergymen with counselling experience, or the writer is referred to a Synod pastor in his area.

The Missouri Synod has not neglected the possibilities of TV either. Four years ago, *This Is The Life*, the serialized story of the devoutly Lutheran Fisher Family, had its premiere. Today it is seen weekly on more than 250 stations.

Critics have called *This Is The Life* a religious soap-opera. But 10,000,000 people watch and love the Fishers as they manage to get involved, directly or indirectly, with an airplane crash, a fixed basketball game, a case of amnesia, an automobile accident, and various other difficulties and disasters.

Incidentally, for a strictly non-gambling group, the Synod overlooks no bets. One of its members, Mrs. Carl Deitemeyer of Lincoln, Nebraska, was named "Mrs. America of 1956." Worried Lutherans were, of course, informed that a bathing suit appearance was not involved in the Mrs. America competition.

This Is The Life has one great advantage over *The Lutheran Hour* —it gets free time as a TV "public service" program. *The Lutheran Hour* must pay, but to the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, it's worth every cent it costs. It would more than justify its expense, they say, if it brought only one soul to Christ.

Anticlimax

MYSTERY STORY WRITER Sir Arthur Conan Doyle earned a precarious living as a physician before he turned to writing. His patients were few and far between.

One day a man came to him coughing agonizingly.

"That sounds like a bronchial cough," said Doyle, preparing his instruments.

"It is," replied the other.

"Well, no cause for alarm," consoled Doyle. "With proper treatment, you'll soon be fit again."

"I hope so," said the other. "But I didn't come about the cough, doctor. I came to collect the gas bill."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., was governor-general of the Philippines when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President in 1932. The two Roosevelts did not see eye to eye politically, and TR Jr. had an idea he would soon be looking for another job.

One day, during an interview, he was asked by a reporter: "Just how are you related to the President-elect?"

"I'm a very distant cousin," replied the governor-general, "about to be removed."

—E. E. EDGAR

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Le Carcajou!

by REED MILLARD

This vicious forest animal, the wolverine, is 36 inches long and weighs 30 pounds. Yet he will attack a bear and rip his way through steel

"LE CARCAJOU!" the Cree Indian muttered with mingled awe and fear as he bent over the last of his traps. Every one of them had been raided of their bait, evidence that he had been challenged by a relentless forest enemy. And he knew there was not room in this wild northland for both of them.

The Indian shook his fist. "Le Carcajou!" he muttered again, and set out through the snow on the trail of his enemy.

Up ahead somewhere his dog barked, then was silent. The Indian hurried forward apprehensively. In a clearing he came upon his dog, dead, his throat savagely slashed.

Snow was beginning to fall. So the trapper pitched his tent and crawled inside. In the morning he found that his snowshoes, which he had hung up on a branch, had been cut to pieces. Again le Carcajou had struck.

Stoically the Indian went in search of willows to use for temporary snowshoes. When he returned he found his tent and blanket completely ruined, his matches gone.

Shivering for lack of a fire, he forced his numbed fingers to contrive new snowshoes, then wearily began the long journey back to his cabin, where food and warmth awaited him. But when he reached it at last and pushed open the door, he saw that his vindictive enemy had been here too.

The pelts that represented his winter's trapping were ripped and slashed to useless strips. His supplies were in a scrambled heap on the floor, sugar sacks cut open, flour strewn over everything, bacon tossed into the ashes of the fireplace. The blankets in his bunk were torn to ribbons.

The trapper set out for the nearest Hudson's Bay Post vowing that he was through with trapping. Once again a human being had been defeated by a fantastic creature of the wild—le Carcajou, the wolverine.

Though the wolverine possesses such craft, cunning and implacable hatred of man that he is viewed with awe by experienced woods-

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men, he is an ungainly little beast hardly three feet long and weighing, as a rule, less than 30 pounds.

Known as le Carcajou to the Indians and French Canadians of the northland, in the western U. S. he is sometimes called "skunk bear" because of his disagreeable scent and because he looks somewhat like a bizarre combination of those two animals. Technically, he is a member of the weasel family.

Unprepossessing as he may be in appearance, the accomplishments of this fiend of the forest long ago convinced the Indians that le Carcajou has supernatural powers. His feats of strength are legendary.

In order to get at some packages of food cached atop a huge woodpile, but which had fallen down between the logs, a single 28-pound wolverine upset the entire woodpile. In the process he actually moved logs 30 feet long which had required two men to put in place.

The wolverine may well rate as nature's most fearsome fighter. In battle with an enemy, he is a twisting, slashing blur of sheer fury that bewilders and terrifies an adversary. He has been known to attack a 1,200-pound moose—a creature more than 40 times his weight—and is capable of defending himself against an entire pack of wolves. Wolverines have killed bears and mountain lions.

The wolverine's teeth are among nature's most marvelous cutting instruments. Angled in such a way that they actually cut like shears, they can slash through a two-inch-thick rope at a single bite.

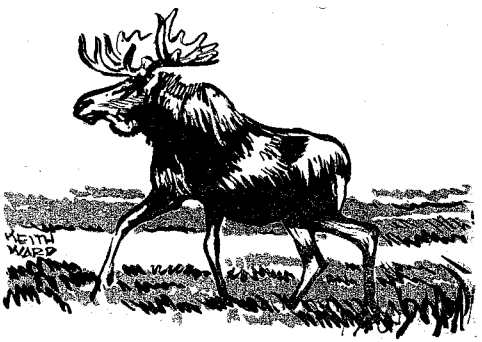
As additional armament, the wolverine has claws two inches long, and curved, that give him fantastic digging power. Wolverines have been known to dig their way through three feet of frozen rock-hard earth.

Often a wolverine will stalk a bigger, more powerful predator until it has brought down game, then step in and take it over. Hunters have seen a single wolverine swagger up to a pack of wolves about to eat its kill—and the wolves slink away.

Le Carcajou is a terror under ordinary conditions, but the female, when guarding her young, is even more deadly. Ernest Thompson Seton, the naturalist, once observed, "She is a tigress of ferocity, absolutely fearless, and so strong and quick that a man, even armed with a gun, is taking risks if he comes near."

Normally, a wolverine will not attack a human, but a captured one trying to escape will sometimes turn upon his captor with lethal ferocity. An Alaskan huntsman who caught one, intending to send it to a zoo, put it in his cabin in a seemingly secure cage of railroad ties.

During the night, the wolverine



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gnawed his way through the ties, stealthily crept toward the trapper's bed and suddenly leaped upon him. The trapper might well have been killed if his screams had not brought help in time.

The wolverine is fanatically devoted to making life miserable for trappers. So relentless is he in his feuds that the Hudson's Bay Company, in a booklet for trappers, states flatly: "When a wolverine appears on his line, the trapper has but two alternatives: he must trap the wolverine or give up trapping."

The Company's records are studded with tales of wolverine vendettas. Most commonplace trick is that of going from trap to trap, carrying off any animals caught there and, as often as not, carrying off the traps themselves. Frequently a wolverine will lug the traps long distances in order to drop them through the ice into a frozen stream or among inaccessible rocks.

As an escape artist, the wolverine is supreme in the animal world. Hunters who have succeeded in trapping them have discovered that the hard way. One trapper who had been lucky enough to capture a wolverine placed him in a large sheet steel oil drum, removing the bung to provide air for the creature.

In the morning, the man found his captive gone. Incredibly, the wolverine had succeeded in inserting his nose into the bung hole and literally ripping away the steel.

Not that many men have succeeded in getting that far with trapping a wolverine, for le Carcajou is one of the hardest of all animals to catch. One trapper, upon finding one of his traps missing, deduced from the tracks that it had caught a wolverine by one foot and that the animal was dragging the trap.

The trapper set out to follow him. Hour after hour he snowshoed at top speed. But after 50 miles he gave up. Handicapped as he was, the wolverine was still ahead of him.

J. G. Lockhart, a skilled Manitoba trapper, once found his traplines being raided by a wolverine. Heeding the admonition of the

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Hudson's Bay Company, for weeks he set traps, singly and in batches of six, using the utmost cunning in concealing them. The wolverine calmly ignored them all.

Desperate, Lockhart then devised an ingenious scheme. "I set up a gun on the bank of a little lake," he reports. "The gun was concealed in some low bushes, but the bait was so placed that Carcajou must see it on his way up the bank. I blockaded the path to the gun with a small pine tree which completely hid it.

"On my first visit afterwards I found the beast had gone up to the bait and smelled it, but had left it untouched. He had next pulled up the pine tree that blocked the path, and had gone around the gun and cut the line which connected the bait with the trigger. Then he had carried the bait out onto the lake, where he lay down on the ice and devoured it at his leisure. There I found my string.

"It seemed that faculties fully on a par with human reason would be required for such an exploit. I therefore rearranged things, tying the string where it had been bitten. But the result was exactly the same for three successive occasions, as I could plainly see by the animal's footprints.

"And what is most singular of all, each time the brute was careful to cut the line a little back of where it had been tied before, as if actually reasoning that the knots might be some new device of mine, and therefore a source of danger he would prudently avoid."

Lockhart, completely baffled, gave up his efforts to capture his wilderness opponent. "I came to the conclusion," he said, "that Carcajou ought to live as he must be at least part human—if not worse."

Noodle Annoyers

(Answers to Noodle Annoyers on page 95)

1. There is a $2.00 difference because when the apples are sold at a combined price of 5 for $2.00, Vendor #2's apples (which would ordinarily be sold at a lower price than those of #1) are exhausted more quickly than those of Vendor #1. As a result, the last 20 apples of Vendor #1 are sold at 5 for $2.00 for a total of $8.00 rather than at 2 for $1.00 which would ordinarily bring in $10.00. This causes the $2.00 difference.

2. One has seven apples, the other has five to start.

3. He would have saved 10 cents only from the maximum prices of both shops—the 40-cent haircut and the 25-cent shave—for a total of 65 cents. Now don't ask me where to find the barbershops with those prices, I've heard about inflation, too.

4. They sold the eggs for a cent a dozen and three cents apiece for the odd eggs.

5. A.—40 pennies, 8 nickels, 2 dimes; B—45 pennies, 2 nickels, 2 dimes, 1 quarter.

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by NORMAN SKLAREWITZ

THERE WAS A NOTE of desperation in the letter received at the Chicago headquarters of a hair beauty products manufacturer. It came from the owner of a new beauty shop in a South Carolina coastal town.

The woman had invested all her savings in the enterprise. She was anxious to build a reputation for her service. Yet, satisfactory results failed to materialize though her shop equipment was the latest and she was an experienced beautician.

Her request for help got fast action from the manufacturer who wired a request for sample strands of hair from several customers. When received, these were rushed to the company's modern Hair Analysis Laboratory where a series of tests and microscopic examinations were made.

Just 48 hours later, the shop owner received word that her difficulty stemmed from the fact that the air along the ocean front was heavily laden with salt particles. These formed invisible but stubborn deposits on hair, making conventional permanent waves unruly, and it was suggested that a simple pre-permanent rinse would counter the effects of the salt air.

Solving mysteries like that of the South Carolina curls is no novelty for officials of Helene Curtis Industries, Inc., the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of hair beauty products.

Surprisingly, though, the company actually began producing beauty aids for the general public only after World War II. During the 18 years prior to that, it specialized in supplies and products for professional beauticians. None of these was available for retail sale.

During the war, the assembly lines that had made hair dryers and permanent waving machines turned out bomb sights, Navy anti-radar devices and machine-gun turrets. With VJ-Day, the company resumed the manufacture of some 500 different items for more than 120,000 beauty shops all over the nation.

Shortly after this, George Factor, company vice-president, called at a small Ohio beauty shop. He was startled to see the operator pouring some Helene Curtis hairdressing from the bulk container into a med-

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icine bottle for a customer. Factor learned this was common practice. As an accommodation to customers, beauty shops merely rebottled their own supply.

Factor immediately launched a study of the home beauty market and was amazed to find that women no longer felt that hair care was something special, reserved only for parties or dances. They were keenly interested in keeping their hair well-groomed all the time. Yet there were no easy-to-use, inexpensive products for such attention on the market.

The reason was a matter of manufacturing costs. Developing such new items for a still-maturing market was extremely costly and required an organization with years of experience to bring out the desired items and still keep the price down.

The situation was placed before Gerald and Willard Gidwitz, brother-owners of Helene Curtis Industries, and the two men made the decision: "Go ahead!" A few months later, the company introduced the hairdressing *Suave*, which women already knew from their beauty shop visits. Its success encouraged the company to investigate other hair-care needs.

At the time, the upsweep hair-do was in vogue. Women were desperately trying to keep coiffures up against the force of gravity with sticky solutions which did the job but produced hair with the texture of wall boards. It was customary to apply these fixatives with atomizers or pads.

The problem was defined as one of engineering: "Find a method of application where the fixative can't accumulate in thick globs. Make it into a fine mist—invisible yet adhesive."

Company researchers battled the assignment for months. One of the biggest post-war dispensing developments, they knew, was aerosol, the versatile propellent that is easily compressed into a small space but expands with powerful force when released. Everything from DDT to whipped cream and shaving lotions was being put up in aerosol containers. Why not a hair fixative?

The result was *Spray Net*, a product that is emitted from a metal container as a transparent mist but is capable of keeping hair in place all day.

A Hollywood movie producer wired the Gidwitz brothers that *Spray Net* saved him thousands of dollars. Dancers and stars sprayed their hair in place and the fixative was so effective that shooting continued without expensive delays for hair touch-ups.

ABOUT THIS TIME, the beauty industry was swept by the impact of lanolin. Skin glands more readily absorbed this unique oil than any other, making it perfect for use on hair. In pure form, however, it is heavy and thick.

In order to make pure lanolin suitable for commercial sale, most manufacturers thinned it down. In some cases the end product contained only 25 or even 10 per cent lanolin.

Helene Curtis executives pledged themselves to offer it in its pure form. The problem of how to do it went to the research department.

The chemists shook their heads.

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It seemed an impossible task. Pure lanolin has the consistency of thick honey. How could you make this into a liquid without diluting it?

Dozens of experiments were conducted. Week after week, new formulas were prepared. Any solution that meant thinning down the lanolin content, though, was automatically rejected.

Then one afternoon, a chemist was mulling over the problem for the hundredth time. All along, the work had centered around turning the oil into a liquid cream of some sort. He was idly toying with a can of *Spray Net* when an idea struck him.

Why not make lanolin into a vaporized spray also? If each droplet were so tiny that it could float on air, then the oil in its pure form could be applied as a mist.

That was it. Before it was ready for the market, however, thousands of dollars were spent on research with special containers, valves and similar dispensing features. In the end, Helene Curtis produced *Lanolin Discovery* which made the precious hair oil available 100 per cent pure for the first time.

While visiting a rural area, the Gidwitz brothers met a beauty shop operator who complained: "There are some things that are perfect for hair that you can't put in a bottle." For proof, she demonstrated an egg shampoo.

For generations, they learned, women had liberally applied raw egg to their hair and scalp as a conditioning shampoo. Busy girls of today, many living in small apartments, however, had little enthusiasm for the mess that comes with breaking eggs up in the bathroom and smearing the uncooked omelet on their heads.

Yet it was true that the composition of raw eggs was good for hair. The country beauty operator knew what she was doing.

Since this was the case, the Gidwitzs felt their company should offer such a shampoo. And once again, the product development assignment was handed to the firm's staff of research scientists.

Not too long afterward, farms in the Midwest were getting orders for thousands of eggs to be rushed, not to produce markets, but to the huge Helene Curtis plant. There, in giant stainless steel vats, the fresh eggs were incorporated into the first real egg shampoo ever placed on the market.

Helene Curtis products are marketed in 65 countries and the firm's International Division has built 21 plants abroad. All utilize local materials and manpower, thus helping to raise the standards of beauty and contributing to domestic economy and trade at the same time.

Each year, Export Manager Jim Butler travels about 40,000 miles and visits some of the world's most remote trading areas. In the Philippines last spring, he watched with considerable surprise as an attractive young native girl loaded a mule with various Helene Curtis professional cold-wave kits. The local distributor explained that she was an itinerant beauty operator who moved from village to village high in the mountains, setting up shop in the square.

In Oslo, Norway, he saw a long, black limousine bearing the royal coat of arms stop in front of his local agency headquarters. Two

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men alighted, then returned a few minutes later wheeling a Helene Curtis hair dryer out to the car. The dryer, he learned, is picked up weekly and taken to the palace to be used in setting the princess' hair. It is promptly returned the next morning.

Through Hong Kong, cold wave sets are smuggled into Red China where they sell for five or ten times their free trade price. The same situation exists in East Berlin where beauty products are secretly worked into the black market. Border guards and politics notwithstanding, women will be women.

In the process of expanding into an organization with U. S. operations alone valued at $25,000,000, Helene Curtis has found itself in a wide variety of supporting enterprises.

As a publisher, it has printed and distributed free 2,500,000 copies of the booklet, *Let's Look At You*. The publication provides important ideas on hair styling and is used in health, hygiene and good-grooming classes in dozens of high schools and colleges.

In New York and Chicago, the firm tests new products in their own fully-equipped beauty salons. The items are thoroughly checked under typical conditions as part of their development. All kinds of hair problems are solved.

Not long ago, a letter was received from a worried Marine corporal serving overseas. In a few weeks he was due back in the States after a long tour of foreign service. Then he was to be married—maybe.

His fiancée, he explained, had beautiful, long hair when he left, but now she was having it cut short. He was afraid he wouldn't recognize her. Maybe, he confided, the marriage was a mistake.

In short order, the Marine received an envelope bulging with pictures of the latest hair styles. These, the girls at Helene Curtis assured him, were examples of the modern, short trend, which would make his bride even more attractive than ever.

Not long afterward, the Marine sent a wedding invitation with a scrawled notation: "Situation well in hand. You saved the day. Our first girl is going to be named 'Helene.'"

Coins and Bills

(Answers to test on page 47)

1. 80c (50c+25c+5c)
2. $157 ($100+$50+$5+$2)
3. 91c (50c+25c+10c+5c+1c)
4. $77 ($50+$20+$5+$2)
5. $135 ($100+$20+$10+$5)
6. 66c (50c+10c+5c+1c)

For six correct answers within the time limit, you are entitled to apply for a job as head teller at your favorite bank.

—Changing Times, *The Kiplinger Magazine*

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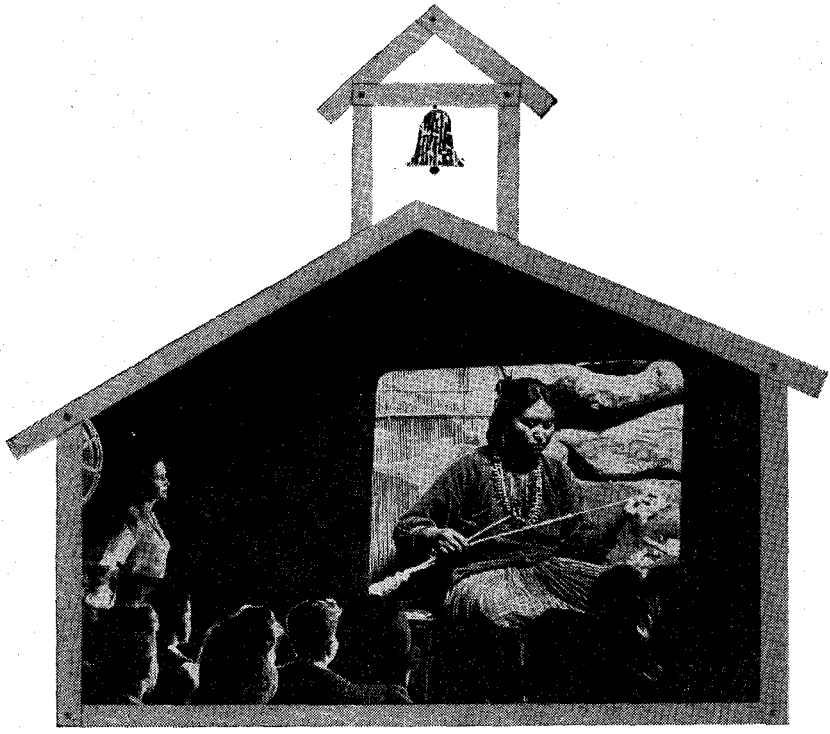

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After heart disease and cancer, strokes are the third biggest killer, yet millions ask . . .

What is a Stroke?

by LESTER DAVID

WE READ or hear about strokes almost every day and the word terrifies us. A friend or neighbor may be stricken, a public figure suffers one. Franklin D. Roosevelt died of a stroke; so did, supposedly, Russia's Stalin, New York's famous Mayor Jimmy Walker and many others.

To most persons the word means sudden, bludgeoning death—a man or woman in the prime of life complains of a blinding headache, slumps to the floor in a coma and never awakens. Or, at best, it signifies a lifetime of hopeless paralysis.

This is by no means the correct picture. It is true that stroke—known medically as apoplexy or cerebral accident—is the third of the Big Three killers, following heart disease and cancer. It takes nearly 170,000 American lives each year, which is four times as many as both diabetes and tuberculosis combined.

But it is also true that, despite popular misconception, the majority of victims not only survive attacks but are actually able to live normal, useful lives thereafter.

Dr. Irving S. Wright, a former president of the American Heart Association and one of the nation's foremost authorities on heart and blood-vessel diseases, asserts: "In a very large proportion of cases, individuals who have suffered strokes make complete or nearly complete recoveries and are able to return to comfortable and productive life."

In addition, medical science is now discovering that the outlook for paralyzed persons is far from hopeless. In many centers throughout the U. S., doctors have been performing near-miracles of rehabilitation.

At the New York University—Bellevue Medical Center in New York, Drs. Howard A. Rusk and Joseph G. Benton conducted a rigorous course of training with about 1,000 partially-paralyzed persons, and recently reported that fully 92 per cent were discharged from within six to eight weeks. All of these people were able to meet the needs of daily living and at least 40% of them were capable of returning to some form of work.

Here are eight of the most fre-

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quently asked questions about strokes, and the answers:

1. *What, actually, is a stroke?*

There are two main types, and each is literally an accident occurring within the brain.

One form is cerebral hemorrhage, in which an artery ruptures, suddenly spills blood into the brain and deprives vital areas of their normal blood supply.

The second form is cerebral thrombosis, or the blocking of an artery by a clot which also cuts off the necessary blood supply to brain cells.

Brain tissues cannot live more than a few minutes without the oxygen supplied by blood. Unlike skin, they have no power to grow back. Thus the important centers, those master switchboards which control all senses and bodily functions, break down from the abrupt stoppage.

When large quantities of blood are forced into the substance of the brain, as in the case of a massive hemorrhage, the delicate cells and fibers are destroyed and death can come within days or even hours. In other cases, paralysis can occur in varying degrees of severity to facial, arm and leg muscles.

2. *Why does stroke cause paralysis?*

There is a definite parallel between a stroke victim and a city devastated by flood. When rampaging waters overrun an area, they sever communications lines—bridges collapse, telegraph and telephone wires are swept away, roads become impassable.

So, too, with the human body when an artery breaks down or dammed-up blood pours through the walls of a vessel. Communications lines—in this case the nerve pathways—leading from the brain are flooded and perhaps destroyed completely by blood which has suddenly been diverted from its normal course.

The severity and location of the paralysis depend on how much of the brain has been injured, and where. If the left side of the brain is damaged, the muscles on the right side of the body will be affected, and vice versa. This is because the nerve pathways cross over in their passage through the brain.

3. *What are the immediate warning signs of a stroke?*

Many victims experience headache, dizziness, ringing in the ears, numbness of the limbs and nausea for several days or just a few minutes before the attack.

4. *How can you recognize a stroke victim?*

If it is a cerebral hemorrhage, the individual will lose consciousness suddenly, in most cases complaining of a violent headache before collapsing. The face may become waxy-white, but more generally it is flushed. Breathing is labored—the lips are blown out and the cheeks flap with each expiration of air.

In most cases there is definite evidence of paralysis. For example, the pupils of one eye may be more contracted than the other and the face may be lopsided. In addition, the limbs may be more rigid or loose on one side.

An attack of cerebral thrombosis is less dramatic. The individual often wakes to find an arm, leg or even an entire side useless, or there may be an unexplained difficulty in speaking. It is possible that the pa-

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tient will gradually lapse into a coma.

5. *What first aid measures should you take for a stroke victim?*

Summon a doctor, of course; and gently—very gently—turn the patient on his back and raise his head and shoulders on pillows or a folded coat. Loosen the clothing about his neck and chest.

Don't try to rouse the patient. *Don't* carry him upstairs and put him to bed. Any but the slightest movements may increase the escape of blood coming from the ruptured vessel.

6. *Are strokes always major, dramatic attacks?*

No. There are "little strokes," no more than oozing in the brain, when victims are unaware anything has happened. Sometimes a little stroke causes slight but confusing changes in character: A person with a fine memory finds himself forgetting things; an orderly individual loses interest in neatness; a friendly one turns quarrelsome.

Little strokes, points out Dr. Wright, do not necessarily produce serious consequences, but they should be regarded as danger signals calling for attention by a doctor. He may be able to suggest treatment which will reduce the possibility of a major cerebral accident later on.

7. *What causes strokes?*

The chief culprits are high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, or both. If the water pipes of your house are old and corroded, even the normal pressure of the water might cause them to burst. If the pipes are old and the water comes charging through at a particularly high pressure, the pipes will probably burst sooner.

8. *Can anything be done to prevent a stroke?*

Yes, and the rules apply especially to persons past middle age. Although strokes are not uncommon before 45, the large majority of victims are in the older age groups. The primary injunction is to keep the blood pressure from soaring.

If it is too high: avoid excitement, stay home nights instead of going to parties, keep weight down, get eight hours or more sleep nightly and take time for a rest period every day.

If it is normal but you are middle-aged or older, are overweight or have a family history of high blood pressure: have a regular medical checkup. A great deal can be done to avoid complications before they have a chance to develop.

Strokes come without warning, but the conditions that bring them about have been telegraphed to you long before. Don't miss the message.

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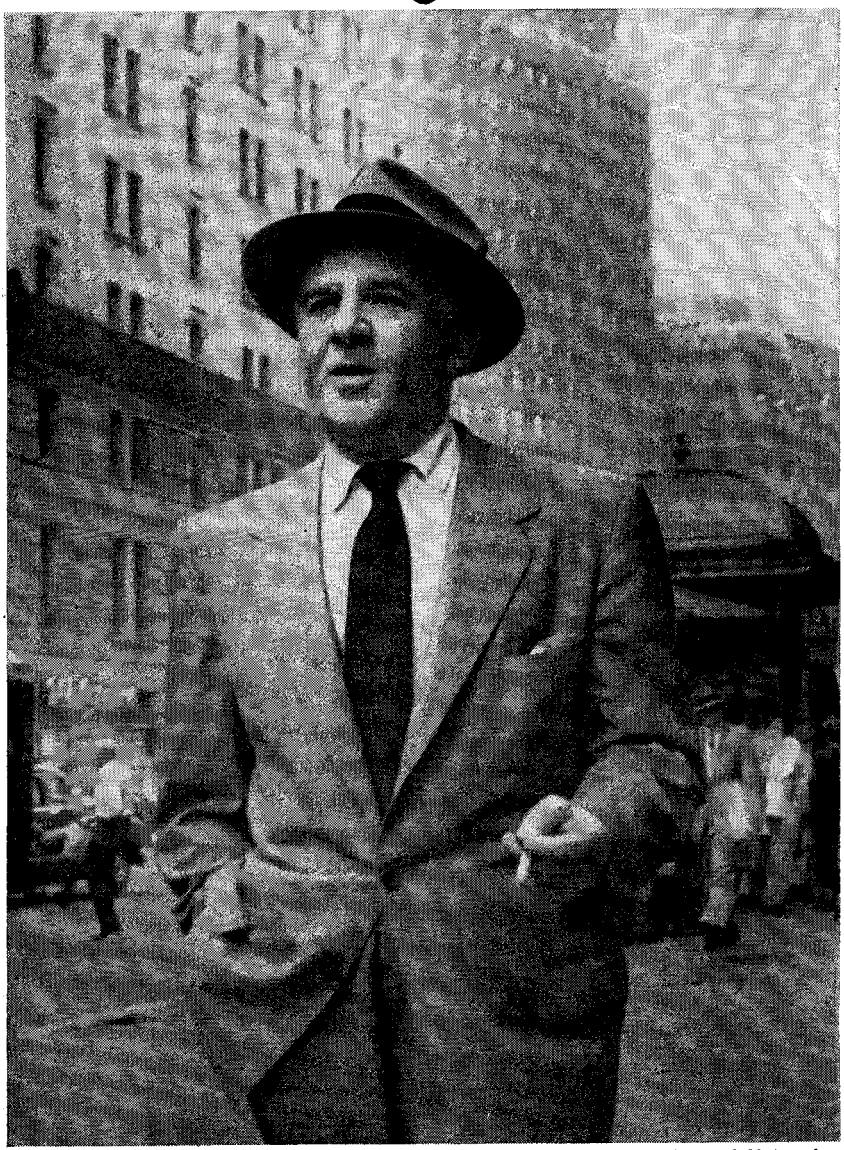

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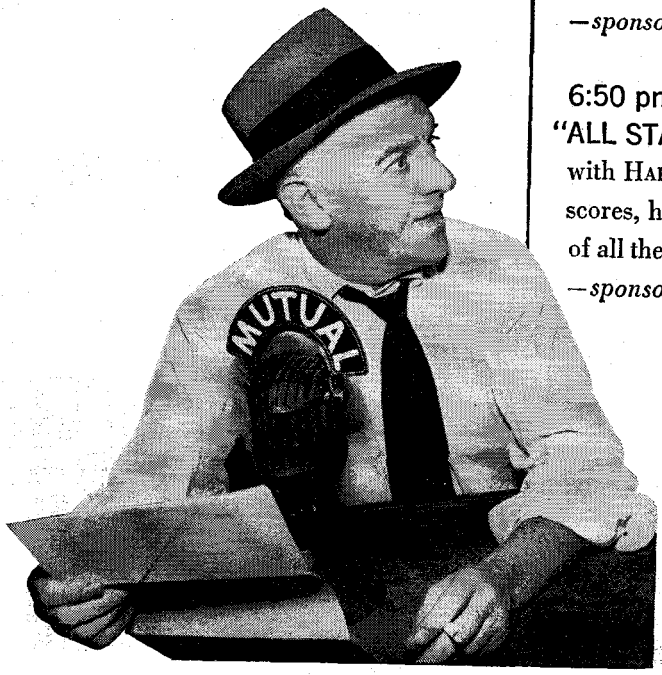

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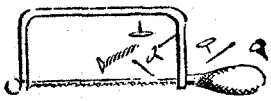
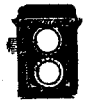
Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to shop comfortably and profitably in the columns below. Each month you will find here offerings of products, services, educational and sales opportunities that may be of interest and value to you.





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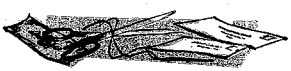

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